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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Cherry Blossoms

The eyes of Wall Street have been focused, this spring, on Washington. The cherry blossoms in Potomac Park, mirrored in the ponds which lie between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial, are among the most beautiful sights our country has to offer. Unfortunately, it is not the cherry blossoms which have attracted our attention to the capital. . . .

The best description I have heard of the investigation of bear raiding is that it is like a group of firemen holding a conference to decide whether the fire was started by incendiaries or a short circuit — while the house burned. . . .

The reaction of the public to the "soak the rich" campaign has been mirrored in the security markets. The "reaction" speaks for itself. From a political point of view, one of the primary fallacies of the arguments of such men as Representative La Guardia and Senator Thomas is that "the rich" are not a homogeneous, segregated body. You can not put your finger on them. There are, for example, between fifteen and twenty million owners of common stocks in this country today. They are the people who are being "soaked."

In this connection it is interesting to point out one of the most curious phenomena of the current depression. In the past, when stocks reached abnormally low levels, men of great wealth bought large quantities from small holders — the so-called public — who were tired of holding them or unable to hold them any longer.

In the current bear market, this process has been completely reversed. The liquidation of the past year has come from the accounts of the erstwhile mighty. Odd lot dealers will tell you that certificates for small numbers of the shares of our leading corporations are being delivered to people all over the country in huge quantities. The statement is corroborated by the stockholders' lists of the companies. The number of stockholders of every one of the leading corporations has swelled during the past two years. Many of the people who make up these enormous lists own from two to twenty shares. They are, you may say, the last class of people who believe in the future of the country and the integrity of the Government. Well, there is an old saying in Wall Street, that the public is always wrong, but is it, in this case?

Although it is impossible adequately to account for this extraordinary phenomenon, some of the causes can be detected. Until a few years ago, the entrepreneurs, the class which gets its living by cleverly combining other people's work and other people's savings, devoted their energies to the exploitation of labor. But the American Federation of Labor, today one of the most conservative institutions in the country, organized labor and almost completely stopped its exploitation.

The entrepreneurs then turned their attention to the only remaining class which had no protective organization — the savers or capitalists. During the post-War era this class — the one which makes the activities of all others possible — was exploited and well nigh ruined by dishonest bankers and promoters and by the activities of the Government. When property ceases to convey any benefits and privileges to its owners, the country, in the sense in which we think of it — a place of security and opportunity — will have been ruined.

It is always a temptation to blame your misfortunes entirely on circumstances or other people, but usually an individual — or a class — who is ruined is at least partly to blame himself. The man who, in 1929, used all of his savings as margin for stock specu-

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lation, had no right to blame his broker when he discovered that his savings were gone.

Again, the courtiers of Louis Quinze and Louis Seize did a great deal to bring the French Revolution upon themselves, and the Prussian Junkers, who brought the War upon the German people, were repaid by the destruction of the mark. What then is wrong with the American capitalists?

Principally, lack of organization. The class, as a class, does not exist. It has neither political representation nor power. There is an Actors Equity, a Bankers Association, and Farmers Grange, but there is no Capitalists Guild. A great many people are capitalists without even realizing it — would not acknowledge the fact for anything. Everybody who has saved a few dollars is a capitalist. Whether he likes to admit it or not, he has in common with all other capitalists the problem of hanging on to his savings.

The great majority of the signers of the Constitution were capitalists — almost all of the rest were laborers. The Constitution recognized the rights of property — capital — and the rights of the common man; unfortunately it overlooked the entrepreneur, the promoter who first flooded our country with cheap foreign labor — to the infinite detriment of American labor — and then turned his attention to capital — with the results which are at present only too apparent.

It is the greatest pity that labor and capital do not realize that their interests are common. As a matter of fact, the American Federation does recognize this all important fact more clearly, perhaps, than any other institution in the country today. If there were only an American Federation of Capital!

Never before the Coolidge bull market was the capitalist so beset with temptations to risk his capital. The air was charged with get rich quick propositions. It was virtually impossible to resist them. Since the average capitalist had already been induced to invest all his available savings, he increased his commitments by borrowing money. It was very easy to borrow money in those days.

For a while the capitalists and would-be capitalists seemed to be making money. As a matter of fact they never had as much as they thought they had — and spent. For example, a man who was long a million shares of a stock selling at a hundred and fifty thought he had a hundred and fifty million dollars — less his loans. The fact was, of course, that at no time could he have sold his line at anything like the quoted price. When he was finally sold out — in 1930, 1931, or 1932, by the bankers who had issued the securities and loaned the money, the equity had vanished.

So today the very rich — whom twenty years ago you could count on your fingers — can be counted on your fingers again today. The "rich" who are being "soaked" are clerks and farmers, men of much faith and little experience.

Debt Plan

IT HAS become more and more clear to most students of economics, during the last two years, that the War debt problem is interwoven with the world depression. Solve the one, as it were, and you will cure the other.

Again, the American bankers further increased the difficulties of the situation by loaning American capitalists' money to the European debtors who already owed more than they could possibly pay.

The best argument of the cancelationists is that since the debtors owe a great deal more gold than exists in the world, it is perfectly obvious that they can not pay. The alternative of paying in goods or kind is unsatisfactory to the creditor because he is in the manufacturing business himself.

Why not try to find some medium other than gold or manufactured goods which would be acceptable to the creditor? For example, England owns Bermuda, Nassau, Bimini and other islands close to our coast which would be of real value to us as naval bases. Why not suggest that we would accept them, or some of them in payment of England's share of the debt?

It might be possible to find something similar for France, Italy and the rest, tourist credits, for instance.

As an example, the French Government would deliver to the United States Government a certain number of negotiable dollar notes in small denominations, as payment

(*Continued on page XII*)

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By Way of Introduction

MALVINA LINDSAY (*Mrs. Grundy's Vote*) as a staff member of the Kansas City *Journal-Post* has written of women's political activities since 1920 and has covered State and national political conventions.

OTTO DAVID TOLISCHUS (*Can the Lion Tame Its Cubs?*), who wrote last month on *Debts and the Hoover Programme*, is a graduate of Columbia University, School of Journalism, and was formerly managing editor of the Cleveland *Press*, Cleveland, Ohio. He has been a correspondent for American newspapers in Europe for nine years, and was recently European manager of the International News Service in London.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP (*Toadstools Are Poison*), a graduate of Princeton in the famous class of 1917 with Scott FitzGerald, formerly a magazine editor, is widely known for his stories and 1931 prize novel, *Many Thousands Gone*. He now lives in Paris and Sorrento.

F. EMERSON ANDREWS (*Human Engineering*) has been associated for several years with the Russell Sage Foundation. A graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, he later was connected for five years with a publishing house.

GEORGE GERHARD (*Big Brothers in the Balkans*) is a close observer of international affairs, political and economic, and a writer of articles on them.

MURRAY GODWIN (*Motor City Witchcraft*), whose article, *Hamtramck vs. Ford*, another on Polish-American customs, appeared in our pages last month, contributes articles to leading magazines and to the literary sections of city dailies.

NORMAN BOARDMAN (*Mental Disarmament*) lectures and writes for magazines. He received a doctor's degree from the University of Chicago, has done college teaching, research and editorial work with a textbook concern, and has contributed to Collier's *New Encyclopedia*.

JOHN MCAULEY PALMER (*Franklin's Patriotic Fib*), Brigadier General, United States Army, retired, is honorary consultant on military history in the Library of Congress. His book, *Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: Three War Statesmen*, was published in 1930.

H. P. LOSELY (*The Rule of Gold*) is an industrial engineer who received his early education in England and mechanical training in Switzerland. He came to the United States in 1916. During the past few years consulting work has taken him into many industries, including textile, paper, automotive, machinery, copper, coke and iron.

HENRY J. TYNAN (*Steady Pay*) operates a mill for silk spinning in Paterson, New Jersey, and has patented numerous improvements in textile machinery. He was recently elected chairman of the Board of Governors of the national organization of silk throwsters. He finds his pleasure and pain, he says, in studying economic tendencies and needs.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

A Democrat in the Doldrums

THE state of mind of a Philippine delegate to the Democratic National Convention who has not yet received his instructions, nor knows even whether he is to be instructed, must inevitably be curious. At this writing (April 29) he has read definite proof that Mr. Hoover will be the Republican nominee; Governor Roosevelt has received his first setback, in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; Al Smith has given evidence of specific strength; and Clinton W. Gilbert has published a clever essay outlining the serious possibility of Garner's being the ultimate Democratic choice. Other candidates have been sliding gracefully into the background.

Our delegate has what he suspects must be a nauseous skepticism about the qualifications of these great men, and has been trying in a feeble way to convince himself that whoever does get the nomination will have competent advisers in the White House — if the *zeitgeist* really materializes — to bolster his inadequacies. His idea of a political adviser is one who writes, or at least outlines, candidates' speeches, and in this connection he is looking over Governor Roosevelt's St. Paul oration, without much enthusiasm.

He comes to the part where Governor Roosevelt attempted to forestall Republican pleading not to swap horses while crossing stream. The words are: "If the old car in spite of frequent emergency repairs has been bumping along downhill on only two cylinders for three long years, it is time to get another car that will start uphill on all four." Our delegate visualizes the advisers writing "two, three, four," in relentless, dignified progression; he tries painfully to judge whether their motivation was a belief in numerology or merely a desire to mesmerize the audience. But he sees plainly where they ended — at a Model T Ford! A Model T Ford to pull this Brobdignagian, rheumatic old country out of its quagmire of depression. Even the Dearborn Sage himself has given up that idea and gone to eight cylinders.

But the Governor did at least apologize for mixing the metaphor and in this connection there is a story

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that may be interesting. Somewhere in Pennsylvania lives a friend of our delegate whom we may as well call Mr. X and who is an incorrigible devotee of circuses, county fairs and all similar conglomerations of freaks. Whenever the opportunity shows itself, furthermore, he talks with the exhibits, examining their mental attitudes, learning their origins and asking whatever miscellaneous questions that may occur to him on the spur of the moment. Lately he ran across a young man on exhibition who from the front seemed more normal than most of his spectators, but a distinctly equine tail grew out of the middle of his back. Beyond this curious anomaly, Mr. X was impressed with the young man's poise and evident contentment, which contrasted with the depressed attitude of most of his colleagues, and so drew him into conversation. It developed that before joining the circus he had been a hard-working member of a Southern farm family. He had always kept the tail shaved close so that few people knew about it and no one gave it any thought. As the depression deepened, however, his family's resources were more and more straitened and the young man began casting about for a way of adding to his living. Eventually some one told him that physical defects of sufficient rarity were a surer source of income in these paradoxical days than strong bodies and a willingness to work, so forthwith he allowed his tail to grow, joined his circus and (so far) has lived happily ever after. Mr. X caught a benevolent twinkle in his eye as he gazed in the general direction of Wall Street; between everlasting hard work for mere grits and hominy and lolling about stripped to the waist for more money per month than his whole family ever saw in a year, there appeared to him to be no debate at all.

The point of all which is that Governor Roosevelt's advisers would have done better to keep his metaphor straight and suggest merely swapping from a cropped and bedraggled old horse to a fresh mule with an extra long tail. Or still better, to one with the added freakish attributes of an elephant's trunk and the ears of a wild jackass.

THE poor delegate gives up hope of fathoming political advisers. They seem to him even more illusive than their wards. So he turns to the platform — and in less than five minutes right away again. For there is nothing there, absolutely nothing.

"But," he soliloquizes, "there must be a platform, and if no one else has given it any thought, then it's up to me." So he fashions a vague wet plank, and with some trepidation, one calling for a world economic conference. After that he begins to flounder. Vague fancies chase through his head, become vaguer and ever vaguer. Long and often meaningless words pop up and flow away on his stream of consciousness. Then two are snagged, and from that moment on he is useless for all practical political purposes. He is spinning a theory.

It starts, oddly enough, with an argument of the realistic Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild. This is to the effect that most, if not all, of our present difficulties can be traced to one glaring and nearly universal fallacy: that what individuals do to

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their own personal advantage is also good for society at large. For instance Professor Fairchild goes back to the early days of the Industrial Revolution when workers were flocking to the cities to find factory employment. They found that much of the machine-tending could be done as well by their wives and children as by themselves, and in an attempt to raise their pitiful standard of living they sent them to the factories, too. But the employers then discovered that they could get the services of a man, his wife and all his children for the same price that they would have had to pay the man himself. In fact, they found that there was no necessity for hiring the man at all; his dependents could do the work for still less. So it became common to see skilled laborers and craftsmen sitting idly at home while their wives and children drudged in sweat shops. According to an estimate Joseph Stagg Lawrence once made in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the increase of women employed in this country during the last twenty or thirty years would compare very closely with the number of men unemployed right now, and of course they are working for less money than the men would be.

The delegate wonders whether that much talked of maldistribution of riches could be laid in part to women's employment; he knows that they have been steadily acquiring a greater and greater proportion of the country's wealth. He tries desperately to think of a method to effect redistribution of purchasing power other than the one that is boiling in the back of his mind. At last he gives up and faces it.

What this country needs is legalized polygamy and polyandry. There is no other way out. He tries to look at it from every angle.

IN THE first place, he thinks (and quite accurately, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*), polygamy has been and still is the commonest type of marriage relation. Though the Christian Church frowns upon it, there is nothing in the New Testament prohibiting it, except to "bishops." And America has seen at least one considerable experiment with it, whose success has not been altogether disproved. Polyandry, on the other hand, is thought by some experts to be a direct outgrowth of poverty, which we are certainly enjoying now.

Our by now entranced delegate assumes quickly that the vested interests of clergy and habit can be persuaded to give over their age-long fight for monogamy. His flimsy economic grounding, however, bears him out in the assumption, provided he can prove to every one the economic advantages of his idea. He admits, to begin with, that further intertwining of personal relationships would not equalize the claims against this country's wealth vertically — that is, the great fortunes would not be spread out to include the most destitute. (He retains a certain amount of skepticism at the movies.) The rich would still marry the rich, and the poor the poor. But there would be some leveling in the upper reaches under his system and some raising of the lower. A jobless man might marry eight or ten clerks and stenographers and manage to get along without charity on a little

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from each of them. An heiress might marry one or two heirs and a dozen or so impecunious bond salesmen, socially presentable.

Aside from the money directly affected, however, there would be something else. As the possibilities of this new manner of acquiring three meals a day and a roof over one's head seeped into the sluggish minds of our populace, there would occur a general feeling of lassitude at the idea of looking for hard, ill-paid jobs. Competition for them would lessen materially and employers would be forced to make them more attractive. Wages would go up. Many people would have their first opportunity to spend money they had not worked for, so hoarding would cease. Effective demand would increase. People busy spending others' money would not worry so much about the payment of War debts and they could easily be canceled or scaled down. In short, there would be no more depression.

What a platform! The delegate sits back smilingly in his armchair and reflects on its subsidiary advantages: more work for lawyers (the intricacies of inheritance cases alone under the new system would keep all the legal men in the country busy overtime), State governments would flourish on the license fees, city governments on the marriage, for not even the wealthiest polygamists could afford very many lavish weddings. And though the clergy would thus lose part of their livings, the new aspects of morals would more than make up for it, giving them vast new fields for sermonizing. There would undoubtedly be a movement back to the land, which could support a great part of our industrial population.

The delegate goes to his desk and writes a long letter to Mr. Raskob describing the plan in detail and including the slogan, "Marry More." Then he takes the letter to a mail box, drops it in and starts home.

On the way he observes a man and his wife wheeling a perambulator full of twins. Their conversation is acrimonious, and a still, small voice of doubt begins to murmur in the delegate's ear, growing louder.

The next morning he reserves a passage for November 9 on a boat going extremely far away from America.

W. A. D.

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Mrs. Grundy's Vote

By Malvina Lindsay

Those millions of mother-reformers who have always been a significant factor in our politics seem destined for overthrow next November

Mrs. Grundy, who has now come to symbolize in America a smug composite of Queen Victoria, Jonathan Edwards and Frances E. Willard, has been going to the polls for a little more than a decade. But for more than one hundred years — since Andrew Jackson's tempestuous campaign of 1828 — she has been a vocal factor in Presidential elections. For if she could not vote, her husband and sons could. If she could not mark ballots, she could tell emphatically, in the presence of her children and grandchildren, just how they should be marked. Moreover, her position was being steadily strengthened by the woman's movement, which eventually was to provide her a political weapon more potent than the tongue. The election of 1928 offered her the first real challenge for the use of that weapon. How effectively she used it Democratic political leaders well remember. Now as a new election approaches, politicians of both parties may well ask, "What of the Grundys?"

To forecast Mrs. Grundy's political future, it is well to look briefly into her past. Just how early she began to inject her opinions into politics is not known, but it is safe to guess that she deplored the fact that Thomas Jefferson was a free thinker, and that she was righteously indignant because John Quincy Adams bought a billiard table with public money and set it up in the White House. But she probably did not become actively vocal until Jackson's first campaign. This was the first truly exciting contest in the history of the American Presidency, and also the most scurrilous one; and there can be little doubt that every voter's womenfolk discussed it with gusto. For while women, generally speaking, have always lamented the fact that men candidates call each other ugly names over economic issues, and openly charge one another with imbecility, chicanery and knavery, yet they have always accepted as a justly moral measure the airing of candidates' past social errors and personal missteps. The only issue in the Jackson campaign that interested the Mrs. Grundys of that day was whether or not Rachel Jackson should occupy the White House.

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Probably their unanimous decision was that she should not. However, the hand of God, rather than their husbands' ballots, settled the question.

THE Nineteenth Century reformers, revivalists and Victorians provided Mrs. Grundy her social and moral standards for Presidential candidates. The log cabin, country boy type of candidate had long been a favorite of men voters. Mrs. Grundy also preferred the candidate with a rural background, not because, like her husband, she wanted to feel that she was elevating some one no better than herself, but because she was convinced that the moral atmosphere of farm and village was purer than that of cities. But she did not emphasize this requirement. She was interested chiefly in whether or not the candidate was a "nice man" — the kind of man she so earnestly admonished her sons to become.

While Civil War issues modified these standards, it is significant that during the passionate campaign of 1860 the Mrs. Grundys of the South based their opposition to Lincoln on his "commonness" and their dislike of his wife quite as much as on the fact that he wanted to "free the Niggers." After secession, some of the more violent of them taught their children to sing:

> Jeff Davis is a gentleman,
> Abe Lincoln is a fool.
> Jeff Davis rides a white horse,
> Abe Lincoln rides a mule.

When Grant was nominated for the Presidency, women below the Mason and Dixon Line proclaimed that he was a drunkard and a swearer, and even those above the line were perturbed over some of the General's personal habits. But later, in the 'Seventies, as the women's temperance crusade swept the country, earnest ladies of all sections united in a demonstration of approval for Rutherford B. Hayes, sending him letters, telegrams and bouquets as a reward for serving wineless dinners.

As the Cleveland-Blaine campaign with its personal scandals on both sides had been a draw in feminine disapprobation, so the McKinley-Bryan contest called forth a close division in feminine approval. William McKinley, who was not only a good Methodist, but also a devoted husband to an invalid wife, came near to being Mrs. Grundy's ideal candidate. However, there were whispers of Popery and Mark Hanna behind him; and besides, there was young Mr. Bryan, handsome, silver-voiced, a staunch Presbyterian, and also an impeccable husband. In fact, according to Mr. Thomas Beer, the reputed admiration of the women in small Nebraska towns for Mr. Bryan caused Mr. Hanna, on one occasion, to curse and throw his cigar in the fire.

The Nineteenth Century spirit of reform continued well into the Twentieth Century, and in the Progressive campaign of 1912 the more crusading spirits among the Grundys got a chance for a more active expression of their convictions. Here was a cause after their hearts. The Progressive Convention at Chicago had opened with prayer and closed with the Doxology. The delegates had sung *Onward, Christian Soldiers* and the *Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

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Here were religion and politics joined in one great crusade that was to make an end of political trickery and crass politicians who drank and schemed in barrooms. The women organized auxiliaries and committees, held meetings, made speeches and passed around petitions. Newspapers carried accounts of their teas, together with long lists of patronesses. And though their activities apparently came to naught, yet they gained entrée to the political arena. Four years later they were using their newly discovered political powers in supporting Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson — but chiefly Mr. Wilson. For in 1916 the feminine hatred of war triumphed over all minor and personal issues. Even Mr. Wilson's second marriage was forgiven. He was elected — many believe — by the already enfranchised women of the Western States, and by the tidal wave of feminine sentiment throughout the nation.

THE suffrage movement was a twin sister of the reform movement. The early suffragists were abolitionists; the later ones temperance workers and political idealists. There were exceptions to this rule, it is true: toward 1920 an increasing number of suffrage leaders had based their appeal for the ballot on the abstract principle of justice. But most of the women seeking the vote were actuated chiefly by thoughts of the good they expected to do with it. They would abolish saloons, close pool halls, install commission forms of government, oust fat, political bosses and make over the world generally. It was this moral momentum that put over the Nineteenth Amendment. Without it, the suffrage movement would have remained in the insipid and futile state of permanent registration and proportional representation.

So much had been promised concerning woman's purification of politics that in 1920 both parties were prepared for a colossal political upheaval. After the returns were in, bewildered men politicians breathed sighs of relief. The much-feared woman's vote apparently was a myth. Only about thirty per cent of the total presidential vote had been cast by women and that had been divided in virtually the same proportion as the men's vote between Warren G. Harding and James M. Cox. Four years later the situation repeated itself. Only about thirty-five per cent of the vote was cast by women, and this was split in the same ratio as the men's ballots between Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis.

On the basis of these results, campaign leaders agreed that there was no need to worry further about the woman's vote or to waste any party funds on it. Then came the election of 1928 — and with it a rude upset to their theories. Mrs. Grundy turned thumbs down on Al Smith, and her husband and sons did likewise. The Grundys, male and female, thronged to the polls and voted the cumulative religious, moral and social convictions of a dozen generations of strait-laced American housewives. A century of Mrs. Grundys stalked in spirit to the ballot boxes and said emphatically, "Mother knows best."

Simon Michelet, president of the National Get-Out-the-Vote Club,

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estimates that in the country as a whole in 1928 women cast forty-five per cent of the vote, an increase of approximately forty-five per cent over 1920. He reports that women in some of the smaller cities cast fifty per cent of the vote, and that in the conservative Eastern States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts, from forty-five to forty-eight per cent of the registered electorate were women.

There was a two-fold irony in this vote. One of the chief public arguments of the men anti-suffragists — many of whom were Wets — had been that the "good women" would never go to the polls, and that women of questionable character would flock there under the guidance of political bosses and dominate election results. What must these gallant orators have thought in November, 1928, when they saw all their hopes of thirst relief dashed through the outpouring of "good women" at the polls?

The League of Women Voters must have been equally surprised. Since 1920, its leaders had been deploring the lethargy of their sex concerning politics, and they had been striving persistently through polite conferences, teas and petitions to induce women to go to the polls. Then suddenly they found their problem solved for them. A so-called moral issue had turned the trick.

It was typical of Mrs. Grundy that her interest in the campaign of 1928 should have been confined to its social and moral issues. Despite her alleged interest in disarmament and international relations, she paid no heed to the candidates' pronouncements on these subjects. The tariff interested her not at all, and neither did the power question nor Nicaragua. She might have found, had she been concerned, many logical economic and political reasons for voting for Herbert Hoover. But she was interested only in his dryness, his religion, his grammar and his social background.

That is not surprising. For ages women have created an illusion of morals about every economic fact. They have surrounded marriage, parenthood, the home and nearly everything else with which they were personally concerned with bulwarks of moral principles. Such action grew out of their needs in the days antedating economic independence and alimony, and the habit persisted when broader liberties opened. Most women have been able to see a political campaign only in terms of its moral issues. They have been aroused to whole-hearted interest in an election only when they have seen a chance to vote on some question that was "right" or "wrong."

It is manifest that they will have that chance again next November. The campaign already finds at least one of the passion-arousing issues of four years ago in the fray. Despite the solemn pronouncements of political leaders, despite the pressure of more acute problems, notably unemployment, armament and tariff, there can be little doubt that Prohibition will be a major issue. It is even conceivable that religion and social convention will rear their malignant heads again. Certainly it is an inescapable fact that another attempt will be made to draw sharp moral lines between the political

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sheep and goats — the good voters and the bad.

However, it is equally certain that such lines will not be drawn as they were in 1928. No matter what moral issues arise, no matter what passions and prejudices are obtruded into the campaign, the Grundys will not put up the united front that they did four years ago. They will not do so for two reasons: because of the hard times bogey and because of the début of a new type of woman voter.

If the prosperity issue remains dominant in the campaign until November, it will weaken materially the strength of the Grundys. For against Prohibition will be stacked depression. The one affects Mrs. Grundy's moral conscience; the other her pocketbook. Regardless of how absurd the prosperity charges and promises of political leaders may seem to economists, Mrs. Grundy is too thorough-going an American not to be influenced by them. It was easier for her to vote whole-heartedly for Mr. Hoover in 1928 because he meant (according to his party spokesmen) not only Protestantism, Prohibition and convention, but also prosperity. In 1932, he will mean (according to Democratic spellbinders) chiefly Prohibition and more depression. And Mrs. Grundy, remembering her petty economies and sacrifices of the last two years, her non-paying stocks and bonds, and her unrented houses, is apt to decide that the issues of the campaign are economic rather than moral.

But even though she should be more altruistic than is expected and stick to her guns of principle, she will find a break in her ranks. She will find far less uniformity of opinion among her followers as to the "rightness" and "wrongness" of issues than she did four years ago. For there are signs on all sides that the Grundy matriarchy has begun to topple. There are evidences that the professional mother-reformer whom the last sixty years developed in the United States is to be given a dowager's sceptre, and that a new feminine protagonist is to appear.

What are these portents of change?

One was the birth, in May, 1929, in Cleveland, Ohio, of the Woman's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. Just fifty-five years earlier, the Women's Christian Temperance Union was organized in the same city. Now the women Wets — as they are popularly called — claim an enrollment of 411,000 women pledged to vote for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. In three years the new organization has attained a membership that it maintains is greater than that of the W. C. T. U. Yet too much importance should not be attached to figures in this case. Membership in the anti-Prohibition organization merely means the signing of a card. There are no dues, no obligatory attendance at meetings, no committee work, whereas W. C. T. U. membership means both financial and personal sacrifice and untiring zeal. Moreover, the active antis, at present, consist chiefly of society women, who, it is doubtful, could stand up in a rough and tumble campaign to a régime of house-to-house canvassing and soapbox speaking or face the heckling, caricature, insult and other hardships that Frances Willard's intrepid followers have met for half a century.

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Nevertheless the rapid growth of this organization is significant at this time. For by its very existence it has stolen one of Prohibition's mainstays — respectability. No longer can the Drys proclaim that only sots and criminals want to abolish the Eighteenth Amendment. No longer can they declare that all decent and God-fearing persons are standing by the Volstead Act. Even as late as four years ago, women in many of the smaller towns and villages needed the courage of an Amelia Bloomer or a Dr. Mary Walker to express an active sympathy with the anti-Prohibitionists. Now, almost in the twinkling of an eye, that situation has changed. The Prohibition reformers, by giving decency to the wet cause, have driven a wedge into the block of Grundyism.

THERE are other serious threats to Mrs. Grundy's future power. The age of reform, which reached its culmination in the Nineteenth Century, and which carried over into the first decades of the Twentieth, is ending. It was the causes of this age — abolition, temperance, suffrage, home and foreign missions, the woman's club movement — that gave woman her first opportunities for self-expression outside the home. Now other interests beckon. Chief of these is the business of making a living. Women wage earners, whose numbers have increased enormously in the last decade, have never taken their Grundyism as seriously as have housewives, and in the future they are apt to take it still less seriously. Moreover, the housewife now finds other distractions drawing her away from the job of remaking the world. One of these is bridge, which has already routed, not only Browning, but civic and reform activities from most of the women's clubs. Another is the cosmetic mania, with its heavy levies upon time and pocketbook. Closely allied with this is the clothes cult, with its increasing demands upon its votaries. Still another distraction is the craze for tabloid culture — for a talking acquaintanceship with all the smart books, plays, music and movements. Certainly none of these activities tends to promote the earnestness, the righteous zeal, the motherly passion for disciplining the world that has so long been Mrs. Grundy's.

The women most active in the Grundy political movement of 1928 were the club and religious leaders who had been dominant in the first two decades of the present century. These women got their patterns of life from the Nineteenth Century, in which all of them were born, and in which most of them grew to womanhood. The social revolt of the Nineteen-Twenties touched them not at all. And the revolters, their minds occupied with the ballroom and the fashion salon, did not bother to carry their revolution beyond the social scene. But now this revolt is beginning to bear harvest in political life. The flappers who upset social standards so shockingly in the jazz era are now grown women. Many of them are matrons relieved sufficiently of nursery cares to take an interest in affairs outside the home. Their voice is being heard increasingly in public affairs. And in spite of the growing conservatism that attends marriage and parenthood, they are bringing into public life an open-

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mindedness that their mothers and grandmothers lacked. They are introducing social and political standards that are not those of the Grundys.

The change in feminine ethical and moral ideals that set in following the World War struck at the roots of Grundyism. The psychoanalysis fad and the revolt of youth weakened the throne of the matriarchy. But the mass of women voters had not been touched to any extent by these forces in 1928. And what expression of them there was at the polls was disorganized and spasmodic, and was obscured by the Grundy landslide. Now, 1932 finds a different situation prevailing. It finds a rapidly growing faction of dissenters, one that through its political and social solidarity threatens a permanent menace to political Grundyism.

Let no one think that the campaign of 1932 will be without its Grundys. Their voices will be loud and emphatic; their votes plentiful. They are too firmly intrenched, too well organized to be completely overthrown by one gesture on the part of the political parvenus opposing them. But no matter what showing of strength they make, it will be the last kick of a dying camel. They have reached the peak of their power and are on the down turn. November 8 will mark the formal challenge of their rule.

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Can the Lion Tame Its Cubs?

By Otto David Tolischus

England is pinning her hopes for recovery — and world recovery — on the Ottawa Conference in July, when she will bargain for Empire trade on the grand scale

We were sitting around the glowing fireplace in the blue-draped salon of my London "flat" a few doors from the American Embassy — a small group of youngish men and women left over from the evening's party — and in that expansive, self-revealing midnight mood we were settling the problems of the world in general and of Great Britain in particular.

"The trouble with this country is that it's top-heavy and is now growing lop-sided," said pessimistic Mr. Smith. "Everything here has been built on a world-wide scale — government, industry, finance — but the world is breaking up into little atoms and each atom is trying to shift for itself, including our own dominions. We won the War but lost the peace. London is becoming like Vienna — a big head without a body. We are losing our economic hinterland and the tariff wars are breaking up the British Empire as surely as the World War broke up the empire of the Habsburgs. Our statesmen seem to be bare of new ideas and between Russian communism, French nationalism and American expansion we are being squeezed out of our inheritance."

Mr. Smith was in the middle thirties, dark, stocky, and quite successful in the publishing business.

The next day I was in the "City" — London's Wall Street — talking to Major Jones. The Major was tall, lean and blond, the typical British officer in mufti. He was now in the banking and brokerage business.

"England top-heavy?" he laughed. "Nonsense! We've been drifting, that is true enough, but now we're starting out to fight. Don't worry about our Empire. Wait till Ottawa."

He was referring, of course, to the British Empire Conference scheduled at Ottawa, Canada, July 18, where Britain is to make her stand for Empire and a new lease on life.

All through the British social structure there seems to run this same difference of opinion about Britain's future, and each opinion seems to represent a type. The mass is mainly apathetic and easily led.

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But there are the younger intellectuals who, lost amid the perplexities of post-War adjustments, seem to suffer from a sort of *Weltschmerz*, a sense of the futility of things, which psychoanalysts might diagnose as a latent inferiority complex. And then again there are the tall, blond Englishmen like Major Jones, the typical Anglo-Saxons of the story books. They are rarely very brilliant; in fact, mere brilliance is suspect with them; which is one reason why Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, the two most brilliant men in England today, have been put on ice. But what the Anglo-Saxons lack in brilliance they make up in that sublime imperturbability and self-confidence of the master race accustomed to bestride the world. Their enterprising leadership imposed upon a pliant population is probably the secret of Britain's success in empire building. They still dominate the scene, and since the national election last October they are again in the saddle in Great Britain.

THE leading statesmen of Great Britain and of her dominions and colonies beyond the seas are to assemble at Ottawa to assist at a new birth of the British Empire — a "Greater Britain" welded together not merely by the loosening ties of sentiment and political coöperation, but by the more durable ties of economic unity and mutual trade and profit. A new huge economic empire, comprising one-fourth of the world's population and the same proportion of its land surface and producing everything to make it self-sufficient, is to be created and shut off from the outside world by tariff walls, to take its place beside the great trading areas of the United States, Soviet Russia and the French Empire. Preferential tariff adjustments and import quotas for the products of the individual units of that area and a common sterling basis for their currencies are to form the cement holding them together; and in time other countries are to be added to that area on the same basis, to make London again the centre and England the workshop of a world. After that, the economic might of this new empire is to be hurled against the ever rising tariff walls of other countries to break them down and open up again the channels of world trade, restoring world prosperity in general and British prosperity in particular.

That, at least, is the grandiose conception of the British statesmen on which they pin their hopes. "Ottawa marks the turning point of British Empire policy," Dominion Secretary J. H. Thomas told the House of Commons. True, the idea is not new, and the hopes for its realization have often been disappointed. At the last Empire Conference in London in 1930, all such efforts came to naught, and the dominions walked away with sweeping political victories which made them independent in all but name, without giving anything in return. Their tariff walls, though based on preference rates for British goods, continue to handicap British trade.

But this time British leaders are determined to force the issue and to compel the dominions to come to terms which will give Britain economic breathing space. For this time they hold — or think they hold —

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the trump card in their hands. This trump card is the British tariff and an import quota for dominion products. In previous Empire conferences, while Britain was under nominal free trade, she had little to offer the dominions; her markets were open to them anyhow, as to the rest of the world. Since then, however, Britain has executed her historic right-about-face and has closed her markets through the tariff. She is holding them open for the dominions till November 15; until then they have time to come into the fold of "Greater Britain"; if they refuse, the tariff will apply to them as well. That is the "Big Stick" which Britain will wield at Ottawa, however guardedly; and her hopes of success are running high. The more enthusiastic ones like Lord Beaverbrook, championing "Empire Free Trade," would break down all tariff walls within that "Greater Britain," leaving only tariff walls against the "foreigner," but the more realistic leaders are more modest in their expectations. They will be content if dominion tariffs on British goods are lowered far enough to give British trade a chance to grow.

No doubt, this policy is not without its risks. Back of it lurks the possibility of an inter-Empire tariff war which may mean the gradual disintegration of the Empire itself. The tariff policy itself is under fire as economic suicide for Great Britain. But the new British leaders feel they have no choice and that for them stand written above the door of the Ottawa Conference the ominous words of General von Bernhardi: "Empire or Downfall" — even though the fate of their Empire will be determined not by sword or cannon but by trade statistics and tariff rates.

The new economic policy, the British "Nep," was born in those dark days last September when the British pound was forced off the gold standard. Its beginnings go back to the early years of this century and in an embryonic state it has been in the background all along. But it took the major disaster of a currency collapse to rouse the country to its thorough application. The Tory landslide had paved the way for it. The currency collapse had marked the eclipse of the power of the "City" which had ruled British policy theretofore. The country became convinced that mere finance had failed and that rescue must come from a new emphasis on industry and trade and their furtherance at all cost. The "City" itself had become ripe for a change, for the same process of increasing bank interest in industry that has been so marked in America was at work in England too. British banks today control one-half of the cotton, one-third of the iron, steel and coal, and one-fourth of the woolen industries of the country, so that banking and industrial interests are tending to become identical.

The fundamental reasons for the change, of course, are not of yesterday; and it might be well at this point to cast a quick glance backward over the road of history to understand them fully.

THE free trade era that has just come to a close was born of the disappointment over the loss of the American Colonies, and of the hopes inspired by the Industrial Revolu-

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tion. The old colonial empires created for exploitation seemed to be breaking up. The Industrial Revolution, on the other hand, opened up undreamed-of vistas of trade and profits for which the older world markets were more important than the struggling colonies. Great Britain richly supplied with coal and iron, the material basis of that revolution, became the industrial leader and the "workshop of the world." The colonies were left to shift more or less for themselves while Great Britain set out to capture the world's markets for a new, if invisible, empire of trade. For that purpose, free trade and removal of all commercial barriers were most advantageous to her and free trade became a British dogma that was raised by Richard Cobden to an "ordinance of the Creator — the international Common Law of the Almighty." Under free trade, Britain prospered and rose to industrial and commercial supremacy.

She built up an industrial and commercial machine of world-wide dimensions. She drew eighty per cent of her population into the urban and industrial centres to man that machine; imported sixty per cent of her food in exchange for manufactured products or banking and shipping profits; and converted her depopulated areas into hunting grounds. This made her industrial and social structure "top-heavy" and involved grave risks if the world markets were ever closed to her, and prophetic warnings of such a development were not lacking. But as long as profits were large and their surplus could be invested abroad to promote more trade and bring in more profits, this development went on with the force of an avalanche — for almost a century. England grew rich, leisurely, and content.

Then came the challenge. The industrial rise of Germany was the first intimation of danger. It led to the World War, but the War made the situation only more complex. War-time dislocation of industry and the breaking up of Europe's large economic areas into tiny national fragments produced a desire for comparative national self-sufficiency which led to the creation of new industries everywhere. This in turn aroused an intense economic nationalism which led to ever rising tariff walls the world over, including the Far East and the British dominions themselves. Industry accelerated this process of distribution by shifting industrial emphasis from primary, basic industries to secondary "luxury" industries (in the wider sense) which supply three-fifths of man's modern needs in normal times, and by locating these new industries close to the sources of their raw materials and a cheap labor supply. It led, for instance, to the creation of an industrial South in the United States and spread factories to India and to China. The German industrial machine emerged from these readjustments more efficient than ever. America developed mass production, which, despite higher wages, could still undersell British goods, and American movies spread a notion of American standards of life and therewith a demand for American goods to the far corners of the world.

Suddenly Great Britain discovered that other countries were crowding her out of their own as well as foreign

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markets; that their new industrial equipment was more efficient than the British and that their goods could jump tariff walls better than British goods could; that as a consequence Britain's markets were shrinking and that an increasing portion of her industrial and commercial machinery, and of her population, was forced into idleness.

The situation was further complicated when Great Britain proudly assumed the full burden — more or less — of her foreign and domestic War debts and put them on a gold basis in 1925, making her taxes and her prices the highest in the world. Though during world prosperity her manufacturing production rose by 17.5 per cent between 1924 and 1929, she was losing out in the race. Even her basic industries, like coal and iron, fell behind not America alone but Germany and France as well. But her living standard continued to rise and her leisurely traditions of a less hectic age remained unchanged.

The effects of this development were bound to be far-reaching. The first result was the rise of an army of unemployed, which have ranged between one and two million ever since the War and reached a record number of 2,825,000 last September, which was more than twenty-three per cent of the total working population. The figure rarely fell below ten per cent. All countries are battling unemployment now, but Britain alone has had that problem on her hands for more than a decade. The second and even more important consequence was the rise of socialism, whose principles soon penetrated the whole body politic. Unemployment, coinciding with the rise of industrial democracy, became perforce a vested interest and its victims looked to the Government for support. The outcome was the dole, which cost the country between one and two million dollars every day without producing anything in return. "Productive" unemployment support expended on public or semi-public works to create jobs doubled local debts within seven years. Soon one-third of the national income was being collected by the Government and high inheritance taxes began to consume a part of the nation's capital for current Government expenses. Native capital began to flee the country; domestic investments were becoming unprofitable and modernization — so-called rationalization — of Britain's industry was rendered even more difficult. Yet British socialism, as represented by the Labor party, demanded ever greater "distribution" and doubled the purchasing power of the dole by 1929. Government finances were undermined and Britain's power of competition was further impaired.

For a while, Great Britain tried to overcome her trading handicap by financial manipulation. She borrowed foreign monies and lent them out abroad at a profit. This helped her balance of payments and her trade.

Then the world depression started; the cumulative effect of productive over-expansion and tariff wars, of War debts and credit inflation and the one-way trek of gold which they precipitated called for a reckoning. Prices fell by thirty per cent and world trade shrunk to pre-War levels despite a ten per cent increase in the world's population. The credit struc-

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ture of the world collapsed; every country scrambled to convert its credits into gold, but there wasn't that much gold in the world. British, like American, foreign credits became "frozen" while Britain's creditors demanded their money back. A run on London was the result; more than a billion dollars were withdrawn within a few months. Already weakened by a decade of depression, Great Britain was unequal to the shock. Despite official French and American aid, the pound was forced off the gold standard. The run on London was the immediate cause of this collapse, but the fundamental reason was inherent in the British trade position.

THE whole story is told in a few figures compiled by the British Board of Trade for 1931. Compared with 1913, British exports *decreased* by $680,000,000, while her imports *increased* by $467,000,000. The most important thing which this summary reveals is that the British balance of payments produced a surplus of close to a billion dollars before the War (it varied greatly after the War but except for 1926 the balance was always favorable, and in 1928–1929 the surplus had again climbed to nearly $700,000,000). Last year, however, the customary surplus had turned into a *deficit* of more than half a billion dollars. In other words, Great Britain as a nation was living beyond her income and was eating up her capital.

Now, coming in the midst of an unprecedented world depression, this deficit was not fatal in itself, of course. Britain was still the largest single exporter of manufactured goods and the biggest creditor country in the world, her foreign investments still exceeding those of the United States. But the revelation that Britain was going in the red to the tune of half a billion dollars and that this was the climax of a process that had been operative through the years came as a shock to her and to the world. Other countries, too, were suffering, but none quite so severely. And since the World War ended, they all had had their ups and downs; Great Britain had only had the downs. Nobody questioned for a minute that America would emerge triumphant from the present slump; France was sitting on top of the world and even Germany was primed for new prosperity once the reparation problem had been settled. In Britain alone, the cycle of prosperity had not come around at all and gave no indication of a future movement if things were left unchanged.

That a fundamental malady had been gnawing at her vitals had been apparent for some time. Continued unemployment had been the warning signal. But unable to formulate a policy, and vacillating between Europe, the Empire and America, between protection and free trade, Great Britain had been "muddling through" in her best manner.

Thoughtful Englishmen themselves became alarmed and raised the fateful question whether "England's day is done"; while gloomy prophets charged that her ruling caste had been exhausted and that the vitality of her masses had been sapped by urban life. Observing foreigners began to wonder whether England was really "tired out" and whether the British Empire was ripe for that his-

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toric scrap heap on which lie so many other proud creations of human ambitions.

But the realization of the danger also shocked the country into action. The National Government, comprising the best brains in the country, was the first result. A national election swept the Socialists from power and gave the Government 554 votes in Parliament out of a total of 615. A "truce of God" outlawed mere politics and the élite of the Labor party retraced their steps to "capitalistic" business principles. It was a great "victory for democracy" and in the new national renaissance even dole recipients voted against their socialistic champions.

The National Government came into power with a "free hand" to put the country on its feet and a "doctor's mandate" to cure the unemployment plague. Though but a symptom of the country's deeper ills, unemployment was the real menace. For what is giving Britain's leaders sleepless nights is the spectre of what will happen if the National Government fails to cope with it. Though practically driven out of Parliament, the Socialists still pulled nearly seven million votes, or one-third of the country's total voting strength. If the National Government fails, the pendulum may swing back again. And if it does, what will be the result? Having lost its moderate leaders, British socialism is turning radical. Currency inflation, nationalization of banks and basic industries, increased doles and "family allowances," taxation of fixed interest and "unearned" income, "mobilization" of foreign investments and Government guarantee of a "living wage" — all involving partial capital confiscation — are the programme of the powerful Trade Union Council. If that should be the policy of a new Labor Government, could Britain survive as a "capitalistic" country?

In this emergency, the policy of "muddling through" went by the board. Traditional principles and dogmas were cast to the winds. Action was essential, and Hindenburg's "good old military principle that a mistake in the choice of means is less reprehensible than doing nothing" became the guiding rule. Out of this consideration, the British "Nep" was born.

The fundamental basis of this policy is the new tariff. A thirty per cent tariff against foreign goods had already been established by the depreciation of the pound, but the new measure went through Parliament with a whoop and became effective March first.

This tariff is a "triple-decker." The first "deck" establishes a flat ten per cent duty on all imports except wheat, meat, wool, cotton and some other essential foods and raw materials. The second "deck" creates a tariff commission, headed by Sir George May, to establish "scientific" higher rates on articles still to be selected. The third "deck" provides "discriminative" duties against countries discriminating against British goods.

Revolutionary as the general tariff is, it merely extends previous special duties imposed during the War and after, both to raise revenue and to protect "key industries." Of Britain's total imports, averaging five billion dollars a year, more than one-fifth had been dutiable before.

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The new tariff affected an additional billion and a half dollars' worth of goods.

The customs tariff was supplemented by an intensive "Buy British" campaign designed to establish a "psychological" tariff against foreign goods and services where other measures proved insufficient. The King and Queen set the example. Buying foreign goods, or using foreign ships, or traveling abroad now comes next to treason. Even American débutantes making their bow at the Court of St. James's will have to wear British gowns or face the royal frown.

The first aim of the tariff is, of course, to reserve the home market for British industry. As summed up by the London *Times*, it is to "correct the trade balance, supply revenues, encourage home production and support sterling." As a token that something was really being done and that the policy of drift had been abandoned, it has proved a remarkable psychological stimulant.

It is an old saying that an Englishman never gets really cheerful till he is fighting with his back to the wall.

Well, England is today the most cheerful country in the world. Pick up any British newspaper and it will tell you in big, bold headlines that "Britain is on the eve of a new era of prosperity." Stocks are firm; the pound is straining upward and the discount rate is going down. New factories are springing up to capture the domestic market now guarded by the tariff. Foreign industries are importuned to open branch factories in England to save the tariff rates. The high sterling price of gold is bringing out the hidden hoards; India is tapping her ancient treasure and noble lords are melting their coronets; hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign obligations are paid off even before they are due. The budget shows a paper surplus of a hundred million dollars (assuming that decreasing imports do not spoil the customs revenue estimates) and Stanley Baldwin, lord president of the Council, complacently announces to the world that "we are now in a position to look with observant sympathy on those great countries which have not yet succeeded in balancing their budgets. We are, in hard times, rather more than holding our own."

But even the most enthusiastic tariff advocate will admit that if the tariff can do nothing more than protect the home market it is scarcely worth the candle. The fate of Britain rests on her export trade. Without world-wide markets there is no employment for her industry or her population; the unemployment problem must remain unsolved, with all that this implies. There is no answer to the argument of the free traders that whereas the excess of imports over exports increased by £30,000,000 between 1929 and 1931, the revenues from shipping, foreign investments and international banking profits dropped by £180,000,000 — all due to the world paralysis of business for which tariffs are in part responsible.

Wider markets are what Britain needs to keep going. The depreciation of the pound, cutting her production costs in relation to world prices, brought first aid, and an intensive trade drive sought to make the most of it. As Gerald Campbell, British consul general in New York,

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explained, "markets, not profits" was the first consideration. Despite this, exports are barely holding their own in quantity and lower prices are still decreasing export values. The hopes aroused by an export increase in December over the previous months have not kept their promise. Exports again decreased during the first two months of this year, though compared with the first two months of 1931, the decrease was only twelve per cent. The export drop for the first two months of 1931 compared with 1930, however, had been thirty-six per cent. Considering that the exports of the United States dropped thirty-five per cent for the first two months this year compared with the same period in 1931, the British showing is not bad. The decline has slowed down. The real cure, however, is still to come. After an initial decrease following the drop of the pound, unemployment rose to 2,750,000. A seasonal drop has brought it down to 2,500,000 now.

CAUGHT between a world-wide "sales resistance" to her goods and her domestic handicaps, Great Britain has again bethought herself of her Empire as her best salvation.

But the Empire is not an empire any longer. It has evolved into the British Commonwealth of Nations. And the difference between these two terms denotes the gap between the British mental attitude and that of the dominions. Instinctively, the British still think of their dominions as their colonies and dominion citizens are still "colonials" to the Londoner. But the dominions feel themselves as grown-up states, self-governing and independent in all but name. They cherish their federation with the Mother Country, but jealously repudiate anything that smacks of Mother Country rule — or exploitation.

This has a vital bearing on the trade relations between Great Britain and her Empire. The dominions have created their own "infant industries" and have erected tariff walls to protect them against outside competition — even against the competition of the Mother Country. They are willing to buy British goods in preference to foreign goods, providing the principle of protection remains unimpaired. They grant tariff preference rates to British goods amounting to a thirty per cent reduction of the regular rates by Canada and a twenty-five per cent reduction by most other dominions. But where it serves their trade interests, they are willing to extend preference rates to other countries as well. South Africa grants Germany the same rates on some imports as are applied to British goods, but imposes a special tariff rate on goods from "countries with depreciated currencies," hitting Britain in particular. Canada extends half the preferential rate to countries having commercial treaties with her, but values British goods for customs purposes at the par value of the pound, which in effect is a tariff boost against Great Britain. India grants preferential rates on some forms of British cotton, steel and iron goods, but even India enjoys fiscal autonomy and can not be coerced to open up her markets — to say nothing of the Indian boycott against British goods. The mandated territories are protected by international treaties and

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the crown colonies depend upon their tariffs for their revenues, making tariff reductions difficult.

These inter-Empire tariff walls, destroying the Empire's economic unity, have been very costly to Great Britain. They have kept British goods out of dominion markets while enabling other countries to compete in them. According to Professor Marker Thomas Moon, of Columbia University, America secured for herself seventy-seven per cent of the trade of her colonies and possessions; Japan, seventy-one per cent; Belgium, fifty per cent; France, forty-nine per cent; but Great Britain's share in the trade of her colonies and dominions averaged only thirty-four per cent. Canada, for instance, imported from the United States in 1930, a fairly normal year, no less than $847,450,000 worth of goods, or more than two-thirds of her total imports, against only $189,179,000 from Great Britain.

The recent trend of British Empire trade is significant. British imports from the Empire have been decreasing while her exports to the Empire have been increasing. That is, Great Britain is becoming less important as a market for the colonies and dominions, while her own need of Empire markets is increasing.

From all that has been said it is obvious that to increase Great Britain's share in Empire trade will be a mighty task.

The dominions always favored Empire trade in principle, but on their own terms. These terms were laid down in the dictum of R. B. Bennett, Canadian Premier, at the Empire Conference of 1930 and reiterated time and again: "To the Mother Country, and to all other parts of the Empire, we are willing to give preference in the Canadian markets in exchange for a like preference in theirs, *based upon the addition of a ten per cent increase in the prevailing tariff or upon tariffs yet to be created.*" That is, Canada is willing to raise her tariff against foreign goods; not, however, to lower her tariff against British goods. Most of the other dominions feel the same way about the matter, and on that issue all previous efforts to increase inter-Empire trade have broken down.

Here is where the new British tariff is to play its special rôle. It is to be the lever with which the British statesmen hope to pry open the dominion barriers against British goods — to level or at least reduce the inter-Empire tariff walls while leaving them intact against foreign goods.

Under her previous customs system, Great Britain extended preference rates to Empire goods based upon a one-third reduction of the regular rate applied against foreign goods, and Empire products of "key industries" were admitted duty-free. The larger part of all her imports had been duty-free anyhow, and even the preference rate was more favorable than any the dominions extended to Great Britain.

Great Britain offers now to make any concessions whatsoever under her general tariff system — even to the complete suspension of all tariff rates on Empire goods — if the dominions will repay in kind. If they refuse to budge, the British tariff will retaliate in kind. That is the threat, however much disguised.

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Besides, Great Britain has another ace in the hole. That is the import quota system which is becoming ever more important in the international trade war. Great Britain offers to establish a quota system guaranteeing to take certain Empire products up to a certain percentage of her total needs, and to limit foreign imports of the same kind to the percentage allotted to them. This system is to be applied especially to wheat — one of the main products of the dominions.

These are no light considerations for the dominions. For despite everything, British markets are still among the most profitable in the world. And in the midst of the economic blizzard the dominions are more apt to seek shelter under the folds of the Mother Country than in periods of sunny prosperity.

As against any individual dominion, Great Britain still holds the whip hand. Her exports to any one dominion amount to only between three and seven per cent of her total exports. But the exports of any one dominion to Great Britain range from twenty-five per cent in the case of Canada, to seventy-five per cent in the case of New Zealand, of their total exports. That is, the British market is much more important to any one dominion than the market of any one dominion is to Great Britain.

Also, the British wheat market is among the most important export markets for any grain producing country, and for the dominions, grain export is a question of life or death. Last year, Great Britain imported no less than six and a half million tons of wheat and wheat flour, of which Canada supplied less than one and a half million and Australia one million. Russian wheat exports to Great Britain were the largest. There is tremendous room, therefore, for the expansion of dominion wheat exports to Great Britain under a quota system, and British statesmen will play that card for all it is worth.

Preliminary discussions during Bennett's last visit to London were reported to have set tentatively a dominion wheat quota at seventy per cent of Britain's wheat consumption, with fifteen per cent for British wheat and fifteen for foreign wheat. This figure was repudiated by London, but a recent Government bill set the *maximum* quota for domestic wheat at 19.6 per cent, which is not so far from the first figure mentioned, and may indicate the maximum quota for foreign wheat as well.

"The whole imperial policy," said Vice Admiral Taylor in the House of Commons, "depends upon taxing foreign imports of food and raw materials and allowing Empire foods and raw materials in free. Such a policy, by increasing the selling power of the dominions in the markets of this country, would increase their purchasing power with respect to the manufactures of this country. By developing the resources of the dominions, it would further enable the dominions to absorb more of the surplus population of this country, the disposal of which is so serious a problem."

The Trade Supplement of the London *Times* further reveals the British hopes. It estimates that in 1929, the Empire outside of Great

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Britain and Ireland, imported approximately five billion dollars' worth of goods, of which $1,400,000,000 was in foreign manufactures that Great Britain could have supplied as well. The Trade Supplement estimates, therefore, that the "uncaptured" Empire trade is somewhere around one and a half billion dollars a year in normal times. The total British exports in that year were four and a half billion dollars. Britain figures, therefore, that Empire trade holds the possibility of increasing her exports by more than thirty-five per cent. That would be the reward of Empire victory. Sufficient to make British factories hum.

THE one fly in the ointment is the danger that other countries might retaliate, if they were excluded from Empire markets. The question of Britain's legal right to do so will scarcely arise, for other countries are already doing it. But in the necessary readjustment of the world's trade treaty structure, there will be many loop-holes for other countries to put in their dig if they are so inclined. And foreign countries still provide the larger part of Britain's export markets.

Under the Hawley-Smoot tariff law, British exports to the United States have been decreasing rapidly. The importance of the American market to Great Britain is decreasing accordingly. Europe's markets, on the other hand, are growing in importance to Great Britain, despite Europe's tariff walls.

To them, therefore, is to be extended the invitation to join the "Greater Britain" trading area through tariff reciprocity. The countries held especially ripe for such inclusion are the Scandinavian States, Holland and the Argentine, because they are most dependent on the British market. Argentine will be represented at Ottawa by an observer. To the other countries, there will be the invitation to turn away their wrath.

The plan provides that their entrance into the fold of "Greater Britain" is to be facilitated by linking their currencies to sterling. The pound is to be stabilized. Just how is a question. The official view still is that gold must be the basis, though the par value of the pound would be reduced. But there is a growing body of opinion, led by such men as John Maynard Keynes, Sir Basil Blackett and Reginald McKenna, urging Britain to abandon gold for good, and to substitute for it a "managed currency" based on an index of commodity prices. The price of these commodities would then determine the value of the pound. This would give British goods the edge in world competition. The gold countries, especially America and France, would be left sitting high and dry on their hoards of gold.

In the words of a resolution of the Federation of British Industries, there is to be built up "a British system based primarily on the Empire and, secondly, on such countries as desire to come into some system related to sterling, in the hope that this may provide a reasonable measure of stability and prosperity for Great Britain and for the Empire and in due course form the nucleus of a new world financial system."

That is the final aim of "Greater Britain."

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Toadstools Are Poison

By John Peale Bishop

A Story

Beyond the window sill was the grape arbor and the sky looked cold. And the grape vines climbed from the ground twisting a hairy bark. Few leaves were left on the lattice and were brown; bunches of grapes dwarfed had dried. Along the top of the arbor the sparrows gathered in drooping rows, sitting cold.

When I stood up I could see over the sill. I waited while Ginny cooked my supper. And I could see across the garden to the fence and the alley and then another fence with whitewashed points and Mrs. Gage's garden and beyond the roof of the Rainley's house. That was where Alice lived. They had a red roof. And though they lived in town they had two cows.

I used to see their cows coming home. But when it was cold, they stayed at home. And I would go down with Alice to the stable to look at them. There was a dry smell of hay when you stepped into the dark and when you crossed the light that came from the left you could count the dust. Then Alice would lift me up and I would see the cows in their dark stalls, chewing and moving and looking meanly with big eyes. I held tight to Alice's arms, afraid of their horns. And then Scott would come and bring more fodder on a pitchfork and throw it in to the cows.

He was a little Nigger and very old. His clothes were old. His black felt hat had no brim and he pulled it on the back of his head; two holes were cut in the crown. His hair was gray and he wore on his chin a little beard like a goat's, but crinkled, for after all he was black. He was shrivelled and black and dried up like those bunches of grapes that stayed on the vines after the leaves were fallen or brown. One eye had been gored by a cow's horn and was blue and blind. The other bulged and could see, the ball bloodshot and strained.

When he came in with the cows' supper, when he came to the stalls with fodder, I saw his pitchfork. The tines were long and in the dark stable shining. There was dust in the slanting line of sun. He made me afraid. And I held Alice's hand. He wore blue jeans, but pitching the fodder, wore besides an old black broadcloth vest and coat.

I was waiting for my supper. I do not know when I began listening, but soon it was dark in the kitchen. John Harris came in, tramping on the

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back porch before he opened the door. And Ginny said, "I can't hardly see to cook supper." There were still the sparrows on the grape arbor, sitting cold. But when Ellie Lee lit the gas, it was darker outside.

John slapped Ellie Lee and she giggled and said, "Go on!" And Ginny said, "I don't know how in the name o' th' Lord you speck me to get supper an' you all carrying on like at."

Ellie said, "Is it time for me to fix that chile's table?" She didn't mind when John hurt her. She only laughed. Ginny was the one that minded.

But she laughed too when John asked about how I was growing. They all laughed. And Ginny said, "You'll be a big boy afore we all know it."

John washed his hands at the sink and on the towel behind the door dried them. And I sat down at my table and Ellie sat on another chair across from me and watched me eat. Hers was a big chair and mine just the right size.

"Yessa. He went right in de drug-store and ast Mr. Huff. He says 'I want some rough-on-rats.'"

"Poor Sister Scott," said Ginny. "I certainly do feel sorry for her."

"He says, 'My house is jes' over-run with rats, jes as big as life,' he says, and Mr. Huff sole it to him."

"Who'd a thought it?" said Ginny. "He took on sumpin' awful at the funeral. He went on jes' like a crazy man. All de way out to de grabe-yard."

"Who buried her, Miss Ginny?"

"We did, Sister Ellie. She was a Galilean Fisherman. Same as me."

When Ginny went to funerals she wore a black dress that had been my mother's and her gold-rimmed spectacles and a purple silk scarf that wound over her shoulder and went down to her waist. She was laced very tight and my mother said that was what made her sick all the time, but Ginny said it was a strange man had walked three times around the house and put a spell on her. Her scarf had a fringe and letters of gold.

"And paid right up. She had a real nice fune'al," said Ginny. "She was always kind o' poorly, Sister Scott was. So I never thought nothing about it."

"Was you there, Miss Ginny?"

"Yes'm, Sister Ellie. We was all dere. All de Galilean Fisherman went wid 'er to de grabeyard. I walked all de way out and back."

"You want some more that milk toast?" Ellie asked me.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, please."

"You got some more milk toast, Miss Ginny?"

"I reckon if he's a good boy I got some mo' for 'im."

"He give 't to her in de coffee," John said. "And she drunk it down and never knowed they was poison in it."

I ate my milk toast. I was not naughty. I did not spill.

"Why do they call him Pleas, Ginny?"

"Cause dat's his name. His name's Pleasant, but dey jes calls him Pleas. His name's Pleas Scott."

There was a steel comb on the shelf and a mirror beside the door and John bent to it to part his crispy hair.

"He knowed how to pleasure him-

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self with the women," John said, "and always did." He stopped to laugh.

"He always was an onnery Nigger," said Ginny.

"What's he get now?" asked Ellie.

"I got some nice prunes for 'im ef he's a good boy. What d'you say?"

"Please, Ginny." She gave me the prunes.

"Poor Sister Scott," said Ginny. "She was always complaining. I reckon she must a suffered pretty much the way I do. Seems like Pleas might a waited till the good Lord was ready to take her."

John said, "He mussa got tired waitin'."

"Yes," said Ginny. "He always was a Nigger. An' there's sumpun else he gone get tired of afore he's through. He gonna get mighty tired o' dat jail."

Ellie untied my bib and I folded it in two. "This way!" she said and helped me fold it along the other wrinkle. "You think they'll hang him."

"Sure, he's a black man," said John. "They got him in jail now. Behind the bars. Mr. Huff's done testified aginst him. He done swore he sole him de poison."

I pondered over what I had heard. Poison I knew although it was winter.

It had rained and then the rain had stopped and when we ran out of the house and down the porch steps we saw that it was sunny on the grass. We played. It was my birthday. And there were many children to play. High up in the maple leaves there was still a sound of rain and when we came into the hollow of shade under the trees it was wet there and green. Water played, running out of the hydrant. And the grass all around had put up its umbrellas.

Clumps of umbrellas. All tiny and white, each with a top and little white handle. I plucked one and lifted it, the smell was not nice. Then all the children took one, all through the grass where the rain was still twinkling. And we paraded. We held umbrellas between us and the sun.

Then Alice came running to tell me to put it down. "Toadstools are poison. You mustn't touch them. If you taste one, you will die. You mustn't ever touch them. If you do it will make you sick."

"Why don't you touch one and be sick?" I asked her.

"Put them down. You all must put them down. They are toadstools."

Then my mother came and called us in. We went in slowly. In the dining room was a party and a cake with candles. And they told me to blow out the candles.

Three candles for three years and one to grow.

I blew and blew hard. And while we were at the party it rained again.

I HEARD them every evening, while I waited for my supper and John came in and wiped his black bony hands on the towel and it was dark in the kitchen till Ellie lit the gas; I heard them. And sometimes, too, coming into the parlor I heard them. My mother would see me there and say, "Come speak to Mrs. Cole." And then, "Run, now, and play." But I could still hear them.

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Pleas I did not know. But Scott I knew. I had seen him in the stable. And I had seen him coming past our alley, driving the Rainleys' cows. It was cold now, and he did not come any more. So I knew he must be in jail.

He was a crooked little man. He walked with a goatee and one eye lifeless and blue. And he walked straight into the drugstore. (Sometimes I let him stop outside on the pavement and look at the red and blue and green jars shining in the window. But not always.) I saw Pleas Scott go into the drugstore and lean across the counter, leaning on the counter with his elbow. He had on a black broadcloth suit and a boiled shirt, washed and stiffened but not starched. He leaned toward Mr. Huff — his lifeless eye was toward the store and he looked through his bulging brown eye that was bloodshot and strained at Mr. Huff. He said, "I want rough-on-rats. I want it to kill rats. My house is all overrun with rats." Mr. Huff was scared. But he told him all about the rats. There was no one else in the drugstore. He was a little man with thin pale hair. And at last he was so scared that he went behind the glass screen and brought out a square paper package that said "Rough-on-Rats" and handed it to him. He put down his money and Mr. Huff put it in the cash drawer which shut with a bell. And Pleas went home and watched his wife get supper. He sat in a rocking chair. He rocked fast. And when his wife said, "Supper's ready," he said, "Look out there!" She looked out the window and while she wasn't looking he put the poison into her coffee. Then they sat down to the table. He drank his coffee and watched her all the time she drank hers.

His wife I could never see. She was just a colored woman who complained a great deal and drank rat poison in her coffee. I saw her pour it out from her cup to the saucer and let it cool, and Pleas was watching her all the time, leaning across the table, with his blind and his big red bulging blood-shot eye.

Ellie Lee was a good girl. My mother said she was. She kept me from going past the cellar door when it was open. It was dark there, the stairs were steep and the Buggaman was down there. She was a yellow girl and could read and write. She taught me my letters. I could read them from my blocks. She used to take a block with her when we went for a walk, so she could show the other nurses how I could read.

Now we only took one walk. Sometimes we started another way, but always we came home past the jail. The windows were high and there were iron bars. Sometimes we saw a Negro man behind the bars. But it was never Scott. We walked in the afternoon, after my nap.

But that day we went up stairs right after my breakfast and she pulled my arm going up the stairs. She hurried me so she made me cry, and my mother came to the foot of the stairs and said, "What's the matter, Ellie?"

"I don't know'm. He jes contrary as anything this morning."

"Go with Ellie," said my mother.

But my feet couldn't go fast enough. She jerked my arm. And all the time I was in the bathroom she kept coming and saying, "Ain't you

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done yit? I wish you'd hurry up. We ain't never gonna git there."

My arm wouldn't go into my coat. She hurt me. "If you don't stop bothering me, I'm gonna call the Buggaman. Cause he's right there." And I heard him growling. I couldn't see him. I couldn't tell where he was. But I heard him and I put the other arm in my coat. Ellie pushed on my hat and said, "There!"

And we went down the stairs and along the hall and into the kitchen where Ellie took her hat and coat. "I'm going, Miss Ginny," she said. "I'll be prayin'," said Ginny. "I'll be prayin' to the good Lord for him. He's a sinner, but we all knowed him. So I'll be prayin'."

Ellie had on her hat and put on her coat while we crossed the porch. She still held my hand and we hurried on. John Harris was waiting for us at the back gate, the little gate, which only one of us could go through at a time.

When we were in the alley, Ellie said, "Here, take 'is chile." And when I was in his arms I could see over the fence and into our garden, I could see over the points of the white-washed fence into Mrs. Gage's garden. There was a Negro man pushing a plow, he went very slowly, the earth curled back and fell and crumbled. It was shiny where the plow had cut it, as though the steel had rubbed off on the earth.

We came out on the sidewalk and John Harris put me down. Ellie took my hand and made me run while she walked and John Harris walked beside her. She didn't say anything while we went and all the time we went down town.

Mrs. Hunt's rocking chair was on her porch but it rocked alone and the door was shut and all the shutters were shut on the house. Mr. Hunt was in his blacksmith shop. There were many people while we were going past and Ellie would not let me stay. I remembered Mr. Hunt deep behind his open doors in the dark, splashing sparks from a red fire.

There were more people. They were on the sidewalk and all in the street and even under the white wall. Ellie had to go slowly. She held me by the hand. We went between the people. She spoke to somebody and laughed. Then she put me in front of her and pressed and the whole crowd pressed. And against us again, pressed. Her hands were on my shoulders and she pushed me by a pair of muddy legs and past an apron. We squeezed out on the long gray stone that was the curb.

I couldn't see Ellie. But above me she laughed and said, "I never thought we'd get here."

"I guess 'twasn't but one Nigger wasn't in no hurry to git here dis mawnin'."

"No, he warn't in no hurry." They laughed.

"Where is it?"

"It right dere. Right where you lookin'."

"Is dat it?"

"Dat's it?"

"Never knowed it'd look like dat."

"Dat's it all right."

I clung to Ellie's apron. It was fresh and white and still smelled damp. I said, "I want to see."

So Ellie held me up and I looked at the windows of the jail. It was dark behind the bars of the windows. I could see the panes, but I couldn't see Pleas Scott.

The jail was brick. And beyond it

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was a high wall of white-washed stones. There were little grasses that grew there. They slept between the stones, seeded and brown. All winter they slept.

"There!" she said, "You see?"

There were colored boys on the roof that looked down behind the wall. They held on with their hands and their legs clambered down the roof. They were staring at something that was like a swing, with a rope. And beyond was a catalpa tree.

"There! You done seed." She put me down. The crowd pressed and pushed us back from the curb. I was down among legs, corduroy legs and blue-jeans, and black skirts and aprons. And I wondered why it was women had laps and men didn't and men had long legs. And above me and all around me, I could hear the hum of their voices and far out into the street, calls, "Hy there, Lucy," and "Look out there, boy, they'll be gittin' you next," and hoots and shoves and in the shoves shrieks and a shrill girl and giggles. I couldn't see. I could smell. I was lost and held close to Ellie.

Then the clock struck and there was a hush. It struck from the courthouse and was a long time striking. I could feel the Niggers straining. Ellie's hands were on my shoulders.

I heard Ellie whisper, "He comin'! He comin'!" I heard the crowd hushing. I heard them a long time when they were making no noise. Then somewhere a man began talking the way they do when they read. The Niggers breathed. They did not move.

Ellie shook like she was cold. And she held me hard. She pulled my coat tight and it came against my throat, and hurt.

Then the crowd moved and opened their mouths. The woman in front of me went down on her knees. And I heard "*Amen!*"

I wanted to see and turned my head to Ellie. She was smiling like something hurt her and looking straight ahead. John Harris was behind her. His face was very black and there was sweat on his cheeks. He held her, his arms coming round from behind her and gripped on her arms. And she still looked away with that look like a smile. She shook like she was cold.

I wanted to go. But Ellie would not hear. The woman in the gutter moaned and the crowd was moving away. She bowed back and forth. "O Jesus!" she moaned, "O Jesus!" And Ellie took my hand. We left the woman in the gutter.

We did not go home the way we came. John Harris was not with us. We went alone.

I said, "What did they do?" And Ellie said, "They done hung Pleas Scott." And I said, "What for did they?" And she said, "He was a bad man." And I said, "Did it hurt him?" And she said, "I reckon so." And I said, "Why?" And she said, "Don't ast so many questions." We went slowly. Ellie walked tired.

We were going by the Rainleys'. I saw the back gate. Then I said, "Is Scott dead, Ellie?" And she answered, "Yes." I wondered did it hurt to be dead. A dead bird squints his eyes and holds his claws shrivelled on his breast. He can not fly any more. I never saw a dead horse.

And the gate opened and its

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hinges swung and Scott came out.

Ellie spoke to him. And he asked her and she said, "Yes, I was there." He had on his old hat with the holes in it and his old black coat. He had a basket in one hand that sagged on the side. He shook his head, squinting the eyelid. Then he looked at me with his fierce red eye. And he could see.

I held to Ellie's apron. I did not want to hear what he said. "He didn't seem to mind. He behaved just like he was lookin' at what was going on." That was Ellie's voice. Scott said something about the Lord.

And when he was gone, I took Ellie's hand and said, "Why can he walk?"

"What you talkin' 'bout, chile?"

I ran beside her. "If he's dead," I said, "why can he walk?"

"But that's Scott, honey. That ain't him. It was Pleas Scott they hung."

"Of course, I know that's Scott," I said. "But why does he squint his eye if he's not dead. Why does he, why?"

But Ellie wouldn't answer me. She only said, "He's not dead." That wasn't what I wanted to know.

Full Moon

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

SINCE we are not the first we shall not be
The last of lovers seeking this dark lane
Where lilacs stir like promises of rain
Among the quiet leaves. Eternity
Shall find them here, each with his eager lips
Building a dream from lovers' tenderness,
Shaping a shining world from loveliness—
A world that crumbles at their finger tips.
If we return a thousand years away
We shall come on this lane; it will be here
With lilacs' breath grown deeper and lovelier,
And we shall find them with young eyes alight
Saying the old words over that now we say,
With stars still grazing on the slopes of night.

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Human Engineering

By F. Emerson Andrews

Will the scientific method, which has failed so miserably to keep us from economic chaos, accomplish more when it is directed toward finding happiness for man?

We are, perhaps, at the end of a cult. Mechanical engineering promised miracles, and it performed them with a reliability scarcely equalled by the most regularly canonized saints. Geared up with big business, lubricated with almost unlimited funds for research, it compressed the energy of rivers into thin wires, hurled the human voice around the world, put civilization on wheels, changed the outward conditions of living with the enchanting suddenness of a fairy tale. Its worship became a modern cult — one is tempted to say, *the* modern cult — drowning with its self-applause the growing lament that though we traveled faster, we had more trouble than ever in catching up with even a modest amount of human happiness. The devotees of mechanical engineering were still standing on their metaphoric hilltops awaiting the millennium when the present debacle came.

The depression is simply a chastener of thought. To all but the blindest it had long before been evident that our miraculous mechanical engineering was failing to bring about a happy state of society. Control over materials was not enough. So eminent a scientist as Dr. Einstein had recently declared, "Concern for the man himself and his fate must always form the chief interest of all technical endeavors." It began to be felt that mechanical engineering had failed because social engineering had not kept step with it. Engineering — the effective use of power — began to prepare for a new and most significant advance. The term was applied first to the running of engines; then to the designing of engines. Now it begins to be clear that both the source and the purpose of power is not the engine, but man. Human engineering, the effective use of power in man and for man, looms as the great task of the present generation.

No one pretends that efforts directed toward human welfare are new. Men have given their lives to such service in a long honor roll that extends as far back as history itself. Every religion has had its charitable brotherhoods ministering to human misery, and most of them have sup-

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ported sincere (and often contradictory) programmes of education and salvation. Individuals and philanthropic organizations, untinged with religion, have thrown themselves into works for the betterment of mankind as they saw it — now the patronage of art, now the building of poor houses, now the freeing of slaves, now the support of widows of sailors killed by the Barbary pirates. But though efforts toward human betterment are not new, the application to this problem of the scientific method and engineering techniques, this is new and of tremendous importance.

A parallel with mechanical engineering may be suggestive. The comet-flash of invention during the last fifty years did not take place immediately upon the birth of science or of engineering. Archimedes, Aristotle, Galileo, Newton were eminent scientists and one of them was a practical engineer of no mean ability. At least two other factors were needed before invention grew suddenly glamorous. The first of these was a mental attitude, best expressed as the acceptance of the scientific method. This meant the willingness to establish by infinite experiment single and perhaps unrelated facts, not vitiating them in advance by trying to fit them into a preconceived order of the universe. The second factor was the necessary practical aid — research facilities. Because business saw the profit-possibilities of laboratories, it supplied this second necessity in adequate funds for research. Astounding discoveries followed, which in a few brief decades beggared the progress of twenty preceding centuries.

Similarly, human engineering — the effective use of power in man and for man — has sporadically had great leaders in the past, laying down fundamental principles. Is it now on the verge of its own comet-flare of progress, which may in the present generation transform living conditions as the age of invention in the last generation altered our physical environment? What beginnings are being made in that direction? What are the probabilities for the near future? Without pretending to competence in a field so broad, this article presents a few significant facts upon which the reader is invited to base his own judgments.

II

THE chief factors noted in the extraordinary spurt of mechanical engineering were the scientific method and adequate financing of research. Are these available for human engineering?

The scientific method is having greater difficulty establishing itself in the social field because men and human relationships are more difficult material to handle and to measure than the materials of mechanical engineering. Important beginnings, however, have been made. "Sociology" like the early "natural science" is coming out of the academic lecture room where portly professors deal in portlier theories, into the laboratory. The Institute of Human Relations was established in Yale University in 1929 "to carry on coöperative research in all fields concerned with human behavior in its social milieu." The University of Chicago has organized a Local Community Research Committee. Social workers

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are increasingly the product of special schools of social work, trained to their profession of human engineering as the mechanical engineer is trained to his. Organizations which used to deal solely in charity, both religious and lay, and to consider the determining of need their ultimate responsibility, now frequently do preventive work, make at least their statistics available for study and sometimes earmark some part of their funds for genuine research. Independent organizations devoted entirely to research, or devoted to some special field of betterment with intensive research in their subject as their special job, have had a mushroom growth until their number is staggering and their variety a revelation. The *Social Work Year Book* in its first year of issue included a roster of 455 national agencies bearing on man and his social relationships, and the new issue of the *Year Book* now preparing will considerably increase this total. As a sample of the variety of efforts represented, we pick out at random (going no farther than the first quarter of the list) associations to aid speech correction, for adult education, for labor legislation, for study of the feeble-minded, for pre-natal care, for the blind, to promote teaching of speech to the deaf, for child health, for city planning, for the advancement of country life, for dietetic research, for eugenics, to collect and preserve folk dances, to conserve mental health, to study heart disease, to secure justice for the American Indian, for crime study, to promote library service, to relieve disaster victims, for nature study, to provide employment for the sick and disabled, to promote welfare work for seamen, to advance sound sex education, to encourage thrift.

What of funds for research? Since social discoveries seldom register themselves in any direct way on the profit sheets of individuals or corporations, it might be supposed that sufficient funds are not and probably never will be available to underwrite social research as business underwrote research in the physical sciences. Fortunately other factors are at work so that human engineering has available even at this beginning of its era impressive financial resources.

In applied science it is possible to be fairly definite and say, as Dr. Julius Klein recently did, that there are approximately 30,000 workers sustained by $200,000,000 in budgets. No one in the social field is prepared to make so definite a statement, the field being new and not closely defined. Philanthropy in general has reached such large proportions that it now stands eighth in a list of ten great American industries, according to Professor Arthur J. Todd. Community chest collections totalling $70,000,000 for the year, a separate relief budget of $49,000,000 for New York City alone, and current State and national legislative proposals give to social welfare an impressive financial dignity, but most of these great sums are for relief and not for research, and we must look chiefly elsewhere for our research budget.

Much of the pioneering work in what we have called human engineering has been undertaken by foundations. This is a resource that is almost entirely new. In 1900 true foundations could be counted on the fingers

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of one hand; so recently as 1915 only twenty-three were listed; today there are more than 150. Here, sprung up over night as history counts time, is a fund of not less than a billion dollars, most of it available for precisely the kind of human engineering we have been suggesting. As to actual expenditure rather than capitalization, the Twentieth Century Fund reports that in 1930 the 122 foundations for which figures were available spent $52,000,000 for human welfare. All of this comes from original contributions of a very small number of individual donors. Still more recently, community trusts have been formed in most large cities, offering to the individual of smaller means a way of putting his contribution to similar constructive work.

Though under existing emergency conditions the funds of family welfare societies, the Red Cross, community chests, and many similar organizations are being devoted to direct relief, in normal times a portion of their immense budgets can be devoted to research, prevention, and truly engineering projects. On the basis of the present already imposing showing, it seems certain that human engineering has a resource in man's good-will toward his fellow man ("philanthropy") stronger than the profit motive which lighted the fuse of the mechanical engineering rocket.

III

WHAT is human engineering now attempting, and what results has it to show?

Let us first take the field of our physical bodies. In 1901 the life expectation at birth was 49.24 years; it is now 59.10. This is a gain of approximately ten years, achieved in just three decades. It has come about chiefly through attacking the ancient problem of disease with modern methods instead of the old-time physician's potions and pills. Treatment of disease is nothing new, but research into its remote causes and prevention by methods truly engineering in scope and technique, these are new and vastly significant. The exciting story of how disease after disease has been tracked to its lair with microscopes instead of devil-chants has been told elsewhere. It is only necessary to point out here that nearly all of this progress has been recent. It was as late as 1877 when Pasteur established the germ theory of disease, and only the present century when health entered engineering via water works and chemical laboratories. Though this branch of human engineering has already given us the gift of ten additional years, its great discoveries are undoubtedly still before it. Only the communicable diseases have so far been successfully attacked. The degenerative diseases such as cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease await tomorrow's Pasteur. Positive medicine — keeping healthy bodies healthy — is a technique we are just embarking upon with the aid of periodic health examinations. We do not yet know in any scientific way such elementary things as the effect of noise on sleep, or the most efficient working periods for various kinds of work. Eugenics, with its possibilities for the almost total elimination of insanity and grave hereditary disease, as well as its positive promises, has not yet begun to touch us. The immediate

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future holds great progress for our physical bodies, both in increasing their tenure of life and improving their efficiency.

The intricate problem of tinkering with human bodies is simplicity itself as compared with tinkering with minds. "Tinkering" is scarcely the exact word. In this, as in its other operations, human engineering does not endeavor to twist men and their relationships into new, strange shapes, but simply to bring out the innate, natural qualities, the "genius" (where in fact the word "engineering" finds its root) of the engine or combination concerned. In the field of mind the possibilities are extraordinary indeed.

Mental hygiene, which is the name human engineering in the field of mind will usually assume, no longer confines itself to the insane and the defective. "A pain in the back is a mental disorder if its persistence is due to discouragement," says a leader in the field. "Sleeplessness is a mental disorder if its basis lies in personal worries and emotional tangles." All of us are involved. Indeed, mental hygiene promises to be a sort of electricity of human engineering, releasing vast, untapped human powers that can open for us a surer, clearer way than there has ever been before through emotional tangles toward happiness.

There is need for preliminary spade work of the most rigidly scientific order. Psychology is more nearly a body of superstition than a science so long as its leaders differ so completely on many of its fundamental conceptions. Nevertheless tested discoveries in this field are likely to be of extreme importance. They will probably give to man control of his emotions with their tremendous driving power, through objective knowledge of their source. They will probably lead us into an entirely new conception of good and evil, a revised ethic. A paper at the recent First International Congress on Mental Hygiene stressed the point of view that we err in considering evils as things existing in the world apart from men, whereas they (along with good) "are nothing more than the expressions of needs of men themselves. . . . Qualities of goodness or badness are injected into these things by men on the basis of social result." This doctrine is not at all one of easy tolerance. It means simply that we shall recognize men's acts as springing from needs, and instead of trying vainly to combat the acts when they do not meet with our approval, we would do far better to provide for the need in some attractive channel that is also socially useful. Such an attitude, generally accepted, is capable of revolutionizing our treatment of offenders, our dealings with children, our emotional reactions to the deeds and misdeeds of the people about us and releasing for constructive work much power that has been sadly misapplied.

Beyond the individual, his body and his mind, are the group relationships of individuals and their relationships with environment as specially suitable subjects for human engineering. The first of these groups is the family. After several millenniums of experience in family life, we know next to nothing about the family in a scientific way, and its very continuance is now being put to question.

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In entering the field of the family and all group relationships, we come squarely upon a new definition of fact. John Dewey has pointed out that facts, physically speaking, are the residue after human desires, emotions, ideas and ideals have been excluded; on the other hand, social facts are concretions of precisely these human factors. It is therefore not possible to arrive at a social fact by the technique that is valid for a physical fact. We should not be surprised, then, to discover that such constructive knowledge of the family as we are achieving is often coming, not from the learned sociologist, but from the humble practitioner — the social worker.

"Charity" is a word disappearing from the vocabulary of human relations as rapidly as it disappeared from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. After at least forty centuries of charity, it began to be evident that something was desperately wrong. Sugar-coated charity pills relieved the severest pangs, but often left the disease untouched, or even deadened the patient's resistance. Forced more by necessity than by any feeling that it ought to ape the scientific method, charity began to study the needy in their surroundings, to discover that not the individual but his family situation would often yield most effectively to treatment, to see that in many and perhaps the majority of cases not money but something very like human engineering was the great need. Significantly, charity societies in America are rapidly changing their names to family welfare societies. They have coined the expression that they are interested not so much in helping people in trouble as in helping people out of trouble.

Let us say in passing, because it is important, that this necessary change is still being fought bitterly by people of the kindest intentions. Thousands of us complain of the time and money "wasted" by our local welfare agency in salaries and overhead, and insist that our mite be spent for direct relief. Let us consider this matter a moment. It seems a commendable act (and will show up irreproachably on the annual report) to give a breadwinner who has lost his arm ten dollars a week toward the support of his needy family. But would it not be better to interview the man, his friends, and his former employer, and then take the facts discovered to some specialist in employment for the handicapped? Probably some special schooling will be required, and then the man will be fitted for a job where his handicap will not seriously interfere and he will again be supporting his family, with self-respect and interest in living revived. Now all of this is "overhead," is human engineering applied to the individual. While in the end it will cost vastly less even in cold cash than the continuing weekly relief, money spent for investigators' salaries and tuition at special schools will not touch our heart-strings as would direct relief to a worthy family in desperate plight — not until we can see the transaction in terms of its social realities rather than our own charitable impulses.

Careful attempts to reconstruct families and individuals, based on a study of the reasons for their financial or emotional shipwreck, have laid precisely those conditions for

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social discovery which John Dewey's definition of a social fact points out as necessary. The discoveries are being made, sometimes by workers in the field, sometimes by specialists, or organizations of specialists such as the foundations. In the simple attempt to treat the ills of a family, far-reaching social ills may be discovered which require human engineering of the widest scope.

Unsanitary, unsafe and cramped housing has been found the underlying cause of many ills. Last December 3,000 housing experts met in Washington in the first important national conference on the subject, uniting their efforts to discover how serious the problem is, whether the difficulties lay in building methods which have scarcely advanced since the first bricklayers of Babylon, in lack of financing machinery or in other directions. The matter of housing and living comfort is being attacked on still wider fronts in city and regional planning. Eight hundred cities in the United States already have city plans. Still more extensive regional plans have been developed for Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. The New York Regional Plan, which is the most ambitious programme of them all, involved ten years of preliminary fact-finding and the expenditure of more than a million dollars. Its surveys indicate that over-crowding in cities is not a necessary result of large populations but a disease following upon poor planning or lack of planning; every man, woman, and child in the United States could be settled in the New York Region (an area of about fifty miles from the New York City Hall) with a population density no greater than that of present Brooklyn, which is about fifty to the acre, and only two-thirds of the Region would be occupied. The Plan makes detailed provision for comfortable living on the part of a possible 20,000,000 people who may probably be in the Region by the year 1965.

The family itself, in its physical, economic, and mental aspects is being carefully studied. To counteract much current and careless ballyhoo on sex and various kinds of freedom by those who have not yet learned that all freedoms are based on controls, certain important progress may be recorded for social hygiene with its direct concern for sex education, combating the venereal diseases and commercialized prostitution, and fostering normal family relations; much more remains to be done. Economically, it has been discovered that bondage to loan sharks was at the basis of many a family's financial problems; credit unions and approved small loan offices are being organized and the loan shark driven out by legislation. Child study, character education, adult education and the mental hygiene already discussed are making their contribution to the family in its mental aspects.

It is impossible in so brief a scope even to touch all the fields to which human engineering is applying itself. Important developments in recreation for example, have not been mentioned. As some indication of the rapid spread of at least the idea of scientific study of human relationships, we may cite the recently compiled *Bibliography of Social Surveys* which lists a total of 2,775

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studies, running all the way from noise abatement to Indian affairs, from hours of work and the relation of fatigue to efficiency to the administration of justice in Boston and the number of books in the libraries of various States. Admittedly, some surveys smell strongly of doctor's dissertation oil and are more remarkable for the ingenuity of the "surveyor" in finding something new to survey than for the social value of the study. Others deal with people as if they were inert masses, missing the whole point of the difference between a fact in physics and a social fact, and are in the main useless. Still others have attacked broad problems with an attempt to understand their human factors, have brought unexpected facts to light, and promise real progress. For the first time in history, we do not have to rely solely on opinion in our attempts at social welfare; we begin to have a growing body of social fact.

IV

THIS is the field. This is a most hasty glance at the new human engineering — the effective use of power in man and for man.

Let no one suppose Utopia lies this way, any more than it lay along the once-glamorous road of scientific advance. When we have provided for our physical comforts and our social needs in ways beyond all present imagining, we shall still find parts of the "man that is to be" unsatisfied and in danger. To all except extreme mechanists and behaviorists, there appears to be an art of life beyond the range of its purely material or social aspects. Mechanical engineering may give the artist his brushes, his paints, even his principles of design. Human engineering may go still farther, giving him length of life, satisfying living conditions, a social environment ideal for creativeness. Only the artist can paint the picture.

Granting that human engineering, like mechanical engineering, its predecessor, has certain final limitations, granting that at present its complicated technique is not thoroughly in hand, nevertheless the lumbering machinery is in motion, and in the direction of something that seems very like a new social era. Consider the transformation in the life of Everyman when measurable progress is made toward such credible goals as increase in longevity, prevention of such poverty as is due to economic maladjustment, abolition of war, correction of at least the physiological causes of crime. These effects, moreover, are cumulative and self-compounding. How much will it mean to progress, for example, if all Thomas Edisons and all the coming great social engineers are granted twenty more creative years? We shall see in this generation human energies released for constructive effort in much the fashion that science in the recent past serviced dormant or harmful natural forces.

The age of human engineering is with us. Just where it will take us no one may safely predict, but its changes promise to be more revolutionary than those science has recently introduced, and of vastly more importance for the welfare of man.

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Big Brothers in the Balkans

By George Gerhard

The plight of those little countries in southeastern Europe is made even more desperate by the selfish aims of their larger relatives

Five thousand miles separate the Balkans from New York. Even today this is a considerable distance, and trouble which originates in one place has plenty of time to cool off before it reaches the other. But Shanghai and the West Coast are more than 6,000 miles apart, and yet recent Sino-Japanese conflicts came near pushing the United States into grave and dangerous complications. Moreover, the Balkans have a story of their own in which this country played a decisive part, a story filled with murder and treason, with attack and counter-attack, with broken pledges and a war-like peace, a story which fills the pages of history from 1914 to — nobody knows!

The Balkan Peninsula is on a small scale what Europe is on a larger: a bewildering diversity of national interests, an odd mixture of races and tribes, a contrast between classes and principles that is so much more dangerous since everything is much smaller and thus can be more easily influenced. Carol of Rumania can land in an airplane, crown himself King, dictate to parliament and gather the people and the army around his throne. King Alexander of Jugoslavia can suddenly declare a dictatorship with its traditional attributes: spies in government offices, distrust all around, police patrolling the streets. Pilsudski, Marshal of Poland, can call his legionnaires into a session of the Polish parliament, thus making sure that the opposition will swiftly disappear.

The Balkan States are overwhelmingly agricultural. Rumania and Jugoslavia, for instance, have a total population of 32,000,000, of whom not less than eighty per cent are small peasants. In Rumania, ninety per cent of the cultivated soil is owned by farmers who boast a maximum of about twelve acres. In Jugoslavia, again, the maximum of private property that is authorized under a recent law, is something over 1,200 acres; however, because of the enormous extent of forestation, the net is not very much larger than in the case of Rumania. The economic consequence of this situation is that the buying power of the people depends almost entirely upon

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the quick and unhampered disposal of their agricultural products. Here, then, is their dilemma — which incidentally, is typical of all the Balkan States, with the exception of Czechoslovakia, a highly industrialized country:

The annual export surplus of Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and Jugoslavia varies between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons of such products as rye, wheat, barley, oats, corn and flour. These vast quantities (vast, at least, for countries whose area ranges from that of Indiana to that of California) do not represent total production figures but are the remainder of a crop which can not be sold, for which there is no market, which has to be stocked and which is from year to year growing in quantity. To their inability to dispose of large parts of their crops can be traced all the economic ills that beset the nations in the eastern part of Europe, lack of purchasing power on the part of the peasant population, high tariffs, heavy deficits of government budgets, social distress and, in the end, political revolt, which (so far without success) tries to break down dictatorships.

THE source of political unrest in the Balkans is a desperate economic situation. This unrest goes far beyond the scope of these small nations. It may contain the spark that will set off another European, and possibly world, war. Sarajevo in Bosnia provided it once, in 1914, when racial hatred was the cause. The Balkans may do it again. And this time, economic pressure would be responsible.

Why can't Rumania and Jugoslavia and Hungary sell all of their crops? Is there not enough demand on a continent where such highly industrialized countries as Germany are far short of agricultural self-sufficiency? Here we come to the very source of the trouble: Germany and other nations in Europe could not only absorb the surplus of the Balkans, but in reality they are absorbing considerably larger quantities. Germany alone has an annual grain deficit of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons. Austria has to import something like 400,000 tons every year, and the same goes for Czechoslovakia. So much for Central Europe. When we come to other nations in the southern and western part of Europe, the outlook becomes more favorable for the hard-pressed peasants who are struggling between the Danube and the Black Sea. Italy has to import year in and year out 3,500,000 tons of grain, the Netherlands 2,200,000 tons, Belgium 2,000,000, France 1,700,000 and Switzerland 800,000 tons. In other words, whereas the Balkan nations are looking for markets to dispose of 5,000,000 tons of grain, Europe actually affords a market for the sale of approximately 17,000,000 tons.

Therefore, the whole problem of the Balkans is one of proper distribution. In a nutshell, the issue is this: the large European importers of grain must take their wheat and corn from Hungary, Jugoslavia and Rumania whereas the latter, in turn, must buy the industrial products which they need from their customers. Seen from the international point of view, the problem's solution

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appears easy enough; if it were not for the national aspect. There are, first of all, the tariff walls.

Import duties in Germany and Austria are, on the average, about twenty per cent, in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Jugoslavia forty per cent and in Poland and Rumania approximately fifty per cent. Practically all of these duties are raised, not for revenue purposes but for protection. And this protective tariff policy has two aims: it will protect domestic agriculture against foreign "dumping"; but it will also, and this may in the long run easily prove the more important point, assure the various nations of a weapon in international trade relations which they can either play out in the form of "retaliation" or which they can surrender in some bargaining pact.

But no matter what the final consequence, the peasants are facing increased competition on one side, and lower prices which virtually eliminate any profit, on the other. The peasant population of the Balkans, poor from the beginning, is being further impoverished; its Governments are getting heavily into debt and deficit; and meanwhile, the stocks of wheat and barley and rye are rotting. Something must be done before a desperate situation turns into open revolt.

The need for concerted action was recognized when the First Balkan Conference was held in Athens in the autumn of 1930. Many resolutions were adopted, and none of them saw action; with the result that the economic plight of the Balkan States grew worse. A second conference was called at Istanbul in October, 1931. An understanding was reached on the matter of tariff reduction, on a Balkan Chamber of Commerce, on a common agency for controlled production of tobacco (an important item in the agricultural list of almost every Balkan country) and on the founding of a Balkan cereal union. If economic problems, their discussion and their solution, were predominant in the relations between Balkan nations, one might hold out hope that the understanding on all these economic measures might in the end lead to some really effective economic measure which would alleviate the situation. Unfortunately, politics always was and still is the principal element in the shaping of Balkan destinies.

Apparently in the anticipation of the practical failure of the Second Balkan Conference, Premier Tardieu of France has taken the initiative. He has proposed a Danube Federation consisting of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Jugoslavia. He has made clear that these countries have to show something in the way of concerted action, though he gave some veiled assurance as to the willingness of France as well as Great Britain to coöperate. M. Tardieu apparently means that none of the Balkan States can expect any of the great powers to take a hand in trying to solve their domestic problems, whether political, racial or social.

One can not mention France or, for that matter, any other of the leading powers without at once becoming aware of the tremendous influence — sometimes direct, sometimes indirect — the latter exerts upon the Balkans. Let us state right

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here that aside from American and British interest which are almost entirely financial and industrial, three political trends are of outstanding significance: The most important is undoubtedly the French "alliance" comprising Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia. Italy's Balkan policy has established friendly relations with Hungary, Bulgaria and Albania, maintaining a more than benevolent attitude toward Greece and Turkey. And, finally, there is the "Greater Germany" based on an Austro-German union which, in German eyes, is bound to come.

France has only a small economic hold in the southeastern part of Europe. More imposing is her tremendous financial strength which, in its influence on the political configuration of the Balkans, outdistances any rival on the European Continent. French loans were granted, in 1927 to Poland, in 1922 and again in 1929 to Rumania, in 1923 and 1930 to Austria, in 1928 to Bulgaria, not to mention Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Turkey. This financial policy France has continued throughout 1930 and 1931, as is reflected in these most recent loans:

Poland.....$8,640,000, repayable within 15 years, at 5% interest
Jugoslavia....10,600,000, repayable within 5 years, at 5% interest
also.....10,000,000, at 3% interest
Hungary.....14,160,000, repayable within 1 year, at 5% interest

These are the most recent advances as revealed in a letter from Finance Minister Flandin to M. Malvy, chairman of the financial committee of the Chamber of Deputies.

The French policy on the Balkans is not an outgrowth of the World War. It was flourishing at the beginning of the century and it has, since then, been part of the French continental policy. The entry of such countries as Poland, Rumania, Greece, Serbia (not to forget Imperial Russia) into the War on the side of the Allied Powers was hardly a chance development. Before the War France carefully cultivated the political soil of the Balkans in order to counterbalance the strength of the German bloc. Since the War, she has been intent upon maintaining these relations. This puts the French policy on the peninsula in direct contrast with that of both her competitors.

Whereas Italy and Germany are following a policy of expansion, the former to satisfy national ambitions, the latter to make good some of the losses she suffered through a lost war, France is not anxious to make any further gains. She has gained everything she wanted, and perhaps more. She is today the most powerful nation on the Continent, financially, politically, militarily and economically; her ambition is to maintain the *status quo* at all cost. The fact that France, in her predominant position in the Balkans, is principally challenged by Germany and Italy, has shaped her policy into three distinct aims: (1) to establish the Danube Federation, (2) to counteract Italy's influence, and (3) to block an Austro-German union.

It is safe to say that a Danube Federation would go a long way toward stabilizing the mass of divergent interests of the Balkan nations — if it were a purely economic alliance, undisturbed by political

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currents and counter-currents. But since France would assuredly have a hand in the making of the Federation and would assume the official or unofficial leadership, since therefore the background of the Federation would be distinctly political, it is likely that politics would be the decisive factor in the Danube body. Even without France, there is plenty of argumentation already going on among the prospective members: Austria wants Vienna as the Federation's capital. Czechoslovakia wants Prague. Both have their rights and reasons, and both can offer precedents in the long history of either of these two old cities.

Rumania, again, holds the one economic outlet of a Danube Federation since it is in Rumanian territory that the Danube flows into the Black Sea. Still more important is the other outlet into the Adriatic, the two ports of which, Trieste and Fiume, are in Italy's possession. Naturally enough, Italy does not look with favor upon the French plan since its realization would give the Quai d'Orsay a preponderance that could not easily be matched by any other form of political association. In view of these handicaps, not to mention others, such as the age-old enmity and antagonism among the Balkan nations, it must be assumed that a Danube Federation either will not materialize for a long time to come, or that it can be realized only by bringing pressure to bear upon Italy and Germany. But in this case further political dynamite would be added to the already tense European atmosphere.

The outstanding problem facing M. Tardieu is how to check the further advance of Italy. Not only has the latter gained almost complete control of Albania, by building roads, by improving ports and bridges and putting up piers and docks, by drilling King Zogu's little army and, in short, by pouring millions and millions of lira into the tiny kingdom, but through skillful maneuvering has been able to form a strong combination of her own. This includes, as has been stated above, aside from Albania, Hungary and Bulgaria. Besides, the Fascists have in the Ægean Sea some important naval stations which make their alliance only the more attractive. Italy's naval predominance and the prestige that goes with it, has been clearly demonstrated in the settlement of the Greco-Turkish feud which was as old as it was profound, with the effect that they both are now indebted, financially as well as politically, to Mussolini.

Even nations as deeply caught in the French net as Rumania and Poland are not deaf to Rome's alluring voice. While they gratefully accept loans and credits from Paris, they are far too clever to neglect an opportunity to make their friendship more desirable by granting one or the other favor to France's opponent. They are riding, so to speak, two horses, waiting to see which one will break down first. One might, in this connection, recall the visit of the Italian Secretary of State, Dino Grandi, in Warsaw. The marriage between members of the royal houses of Italy and Bulgaria is another aspect of Italy's effort to gain a commanding position in the Balkans.

As to Hungary, there is a natural sympathy between Admiral Horthy

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and the Fascist régime. Both Governments are independent as far as parliamentary interference is concerned. Both are looking for expansion and are open to a discussion of Mussolini's famous "Empire of the South" dream. Both have their power largely based on the army which, in each case, is well drilled and equipped with up-to-date machines. It must be left to the future to decide whether this natural sympathy is more than just a coincidence. But the recent visit of Count Stephen Bethlen, who, it is said, is still the strongest factor in determining Hungary's foreign policy, in Rome seems to add weight to the popular opinion that Italy has a real hold on Count Bethlen's country. At any rate, Albania, then Bulgaria and Hungary, followed by Greece and Turkey, and now some more maneuvering in Bucharest and Warsaw, mark the progress of the Italian policy on the Balkans.

The Austro-German customs union has been defeated. This does not mean that it is beyond the reach of fulfilment in the future. In fact, the underlying reasons for such a union are today as strong as they ever were. The *Anschluss* idea, that is complete annexation by Germany, is to the latter country more than merely the gain in population and territory; a principle of the complex minority problem is involved. It is known that German minorities are spread over most of Central Europe; they are found in Denmark and in France, in Poland, Italy and the Balkans. But nowhere is the Teutonic race represented more thickly outside of German borders than in Austria, where some 6,000,000 people of German descent are surrounded by alien tribes. Consequently, nowhere seems the need for a solution of the minority problem more pressing than in the definition of Austro-German relationship.

Again, it can not be denied that the annexation would bring Germany very worth while advantages. Through the Treaty of Versailles Germany lost about 27,000 square miles in area and 6,000,000 in population. The Austrian Republic has a population of some 6,500,000 and comprises a territory of 32,000 square miles. In other words, the annexation of Austria would, in area and population, bring Germany back to her pre-War status.

The customs union has been defeated. So, *Anschluss* will not be possible? No, at least not officially. Which does not mean, however, that it is not tried unofficially: concessions and commercial privileges, the simplification of frontier and passport regulations, the standardization of laws and judicial methods, equalization of educational systems, fairs and exhibitions, public meetings, coöperation in art and science, in the theatre, in tourist traffic, in commerce and industry, and so on, are unofficial ways of getting around the League of Nation's decree. There is no denying forever the will of people or nations to be together.

THIS, briefly, is the political conformation of the Balkans, as far as it is shaped and influenced by foreign politics. These foreign interests are one part of the Balkan problem. The economic and political plight of the Balkan nations themselves is the other part. Unfortu-

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nately, the great powers are holding the key to the disentanglement of the Balkan knot. If France, Germany and other nations do not lower their tariffs, Rumania, Hungary and Jugoslavia will never solve the problem of their export surpluses. If France is not willing to lend time and again to practically every Balkan nation, their respective Governments may as well pack up tomorrow, because they will be facing absolutely hopeless budget deficits. The Balkan powers are not self-sufficient, not economically and certainly not financially. Therefore, they have to rely on their big brothers.

It is easy for the onlooker to arrive at the logical conclusion: a Danube Federation is possible only if France and Germany, as well as Great Britain and Italy, are included, and this would obviously mean a Pan-European association. If France limits herself to her "Little Entente" of the past, there will in due time arise two counter-blocs, one of German, the other of Italian origin. And if, finally, the Balkan nations should be left alone (which is extremely unlikely in view of the strong foreign influence and financial and economic interest), they will first have to overcome the racial prejudice, national hatred and envy before they can hope to solve their economic problem. But to separate from politics would be equivalent to separating from the foreign powers. This can not be done because of the dependence upon foreign markets and, particularly, foreign loans.

Here a word as to Great Britain, which has considerable investments in the Balkans, especially in mining enterprises. She does not follow any political scheme as has been outlined above for France, Germany and Italy. Downing Street, rather, is interested in the "open door," that is, balanced economy and, especially, security for and protection of her investments. Normally, Great Britain might not feel disinclined to back up Germany and Italy for the purpose of cutting down the overwhelming prestige and power of France. Under these circumstances, however, the British Cabinet undoubtedly feels that British financial interests must be safeguarded by keeping the Balkan States going. Who else can do it but France? Therefore, the recent discussions on a prospective Danube Federation found Great Britain on the side of her great Continental sister.

In a civilized world, no one can live without the money with which to buy life's necessities. The same goes for the nations on the Balkan peninsula. They have to have loans and credits, no matter whether they are bankrupt or not. In reality, they are bankrupt, with few exceptions. The only nation which is in a position to hand out long-term loans (aside from the United States, which is not interested) is France. This reflects the dominant position the French nation has held in the Balkans since the War and which she is likely to maintain for some time to come. The strength of Germany and Italy lies rather in the formation of powerful political counter-alliances. In this way, it becomes obvious, the same dangerous combination of alliances and counter-alliances is foreshadowed which began taking shape thirty years ago and which, in the end, led to the World War.

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Motor City Witchcraft

By Murray Godwin

The second of two articles on Polish-American customs

Mrs. Kurowski knew work and child-bearing, both from habit, neither, I think, from pleasure, in any phase or in the slightest degree. She was a horse of a woman, dark-haired, dark-eyed, six feet or better in height, with a voice that was strong and harsh with the effort of making herself heard above the clamor of her household. From sunrise to sunset and on to midnight she labored at innumerable tasks with her muscular body that seemed through drudgery to have acquired a purposeful life apart from her, the woman of sentiment, thought and emotion. One noted that while her long arms, her lean shoulders, her expert fingers busied themselves with fierce energy at their work, her unlined countenance retained an expression of calm and in her eyes one saw no trace of doubt or trouble, but only a certain enigmatic dreaminess, serenely peaceful and remote. And observing this incongruity one was struck by the thought that her muscular equipment, in the course of its thirty-odd years of exertion, might have established for itself an actuating centre at some point where its motivation no longer obtruded itself upon her consciousness, and where its ardent exercise no longer burdened her with the sensations of weariness and the indifference that comes from fatigue. One never saw her indifferent, and often when speaking with her one was startled to find oneself confronting, instead of a work-worn woman, a wistful, awkward girl whose voice and smile were touched with uncertainty, and who in shy agitation twisted her apron with trembling hands.

She had been brought to the United States at the age of six; yet her accent and the ungainliness of her speech were not different from those of a recent arrival. Frequently she found herself at a loss to fill in a necessary detail of expression from her American — not by any means English — vocabulary, and hence was forced to transfer an equivalent from her imported stock of sounds. Was she in any other way distinguishable from the person she would have been had she immigrated after maturity? Not in dress, for her clothes were untouched by current styles; and when she went forth to buy meat from the butcher or fowl and vegetables at the market, a shawl served her for both hat and coat. Her only hat was reserved for

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mass and for weddings and funerals — the latter two of which, though dissimilar in procedure, identically signalized the entrance of a soul into purgatory, as far as her lights revealed. Nor was her culture different from that of a recent immigrant of the peasant class. The pictures in her home were flaringly colored chromos of saints and virgins, with Polish inscriptions. There were images, too, and a crucifix, and small fonts of holy water, and a knotted strip of palm from the previous Lenten season. She did not favor prayerbooks, but rosaries, medals and scapulars were carried or worn with devotion by herself and her considerable family.

Mrs. Kurowski had married as a tall, gangling girl of seventeen, already inured to patient, constant labor in a cigar factory, where she earned a little better than the very small wage paid women workers in that day, because she was rapid, steady and skilled. Of her wages her parents permitted her to keep nothing, not even carfare; through the wet, freezing winters and the wet, steaming summers of the Lakes region, she and her sister trudged across town two miles or more, twice daily, to and from work. Perhaps her parents grudged her even bread, for girls were considered of less than small account by many of the immigrant folk and by not a few of the second generation of Polish-American parents. They were regarded as liabilities, in fact. Any work they did, any money they earned, was looked upon as little enough in the way of restitution for the injury they had done their elders and brothers by being born and thus encumbering the household with a potential threat of shame and disgrace. I do not think I exaggerate in this. So utterly without belief in the sense or humanity of females were some of the old folks, that they refused to permit their daughters to receive young men in their homes, much less go out with them. Only when the family attended some function as a group did the girls have opportunity to meet young men of their own age; and some families attended functions in this fashion not oftener than once or twice a year.

Like many Polish-American girls of her time, Katazyna Kurowski worked hard, asked for nothing, and, satisfactorily — for her family — ignorant of sexual life, married the man of her parents' choice at the age of seventeen. The person in question was a foundryman of Polish parentage, quite as contemptuous and suspicious of the female of the species as any old-country peasant, and hence hardly equipped to apprise his young bride, with any show of gentleness, of the intimacies of married life. The result was a profound fright, and rebellion with copious tears. Afterward there was submission to male animality, justified by clerical counselings respecting the doom pronounced on humanity at the expulsion from Eden, the world as a scene of trial and suffering for the soul, and the duty of wives — indelibly branded with the sin of Eve and inheriting her weakness — to submit to their husbands. But the cross was powerless to restore the spirit, already hampered in its growth by the burdens of ignorance and stern discipline, from the effects of the phallic battering it had

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received. Katazyna's frame and muscles developed. Her body became a practised and tireless engine for work and gestation. But the spirit of the emerging woman had been stunned beyond hope of further growth, and sexually Katazyna remained the gangling girl.

Of MRS. KUROWSKI'S children, four had survived — all girls. Six had perished in infancy, or even before — for their mother could not teach her muscles to rest, and invariably persisted in her routine of relentless drudgery until the last possible moment. It is certain that she loved the surviving daughters to distraction — them and one thing else, her flowers.

Katazyna's back yard bloomed summer long with a profuse and varied array of flowers, upon which she lavished a rapt and tender care. In the winter season she would busy herself with the bulbs and plants she had brought into the house, and search through catalogues for new species of blooms that might be secured for the following summer. The only question was of a space to put them, among the bushes of lilacs, the beds of peonies, the trellises of roses and the pedestaled pots of ferns and other green growing things.

When we first knew her she had long been accustomed to regard her husband as a reasonably dependable labor motor and an extremely undependable companion in his leisure hours. Some violent illness had rendered the man measurably deaf and in a certain degree a simpleton. Absorbed in a job of household tinkering or building, he gave no trouble; but when by hook or crook he managed to hold out a dollar or two from his pay envelope, no household task could distract him from his aim of getting drunk as soon as possible. He drank the most abominable liquor, of which there was an abundance to be had from owners of stills in the neighborhood, and it rendered him erratic in an extraordinarily short time. In his cups he was always a violent enemy of women, and particularly of his own women. He favored Katazyna and the girls with shouted denunciations, replete with expletives and detailed accusations of lewd conduct, concocting the most far-fetched evil interpretations for the most ordinary routine incidents, in his hunt after grounds for abuse. This kept on far into the night, and it ended only when the orator was overcome by his liquor or by the sight of a stew pan swung threateningly by Katazyna, who could quiet him abruptly enough, once she was aroused. The trouble was that she was aroused only by the prospect of harm to the children, and both she and they had long since learned that billingsgate breaks no bones.

Mrs. Kurowski had the true peasant's belief in the magical as opposed to the factual, the common sense as opposed to the scientifically proved. When we first became neighbors, our infant daughter was proving our biggest problem in life. Despite expert advice, we were unable to find a diet on which she could be fed satisfactorily, and her restless crying was robbing us of our sleep. In this emergency Katazyna came to our aid with her own diagnosis and prescription: the baby was crying be-

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cause she had not been baptized; take her to St. Stanislaus's, have her christened with the water of salvation, and immediately she would begin to sleep peacefully of nights. The case was a simple one, and Katazyna had seen enough others like it to appreciate the universal repugnance infants have toward their burden of original sin. One could not deceive a baby. Ours would keep us awake, depend on it, until the priest applied the water and said the proper words. And that, Katazyna knew by experience, was an infallible cure.

We did not try Katazyna's remedy, but it is only fair to say that the baby did not grow peaceful or plump until my wife turned her back on child specialists and planned her daughter a diet based on her own ideas. So it is a trifle difficult to make out a case for science under the circumstances. However, that hardly detracts, I think, from the mediæval cultural quality of Katazyna's therapeutic.

At another time my wife became apprehensive over a swelling of steadily increasing prominence which appeared at the collar line of Anastasia, second eldest of the Kurowski girls. Obviously, unless treatment were begun soon, the swelling would develop into a most disfiguring goiter of the kind common to the whole Lakes region. My wife exerted patience and pains in explaining to Katazyna the cause of the trouble, and recommended that Anastasia's diet be made corrective by the addition of iodized salt, which health authorities throughout the Lakes basin were prescribing for children in public schools.

Katazyna listened with attentive interest to my wife's exposition of the problem. Water and vegetable products alike, in the Lakes country, my wife made plain, were lacking in iodine, which was a necessary element in maintaining the normal condition of certain glands. The deficiency could be compensated with ease and safety . . . and so on.

"Yeah," Katazyna said, when the lecture was concluded, with her friendly, girlish smile, "but you know, Victoria, my 'Stasha got *her* swelling from singin' so high all the time. You know, I always try, but I can't stop her; she keeps on singin' high just the same."

And having offered this counter-diagnosis, she took up her task, whatever it was, where she had left off when scientific medicine had interrupted her. Further discussion was quite hopeless. The most plausible explanation could make no impression on a baseless, peasant conviction of this kind.

She harbored other medical opinions, a few of which she confided to us during our years in the district, as occasion arose. One day she told my wife that the little daughter of a friend of hers had died. The symptoms she described made it obvious that the child had been a victim of infantile paralysis, but Katazyna was sorrowfully certain that her death had been caused by the dread, mysterious ailment, "tangled hair." There was something awesome and blood-chilling about the calm decision with which she relegated the paralytic symptoms to a minor, merely incidental place, and concentrated on the significant fact that the patient's hair had been matted.

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"Tangled hair," she explained, was invariably the result of bewitchment, brought about by some devil's disciple at the behest of an enemy. It was a most baffling affliction and required the most careful treatment. The matted locks must never be combed out — that would make death certain. One's only chance was to clip them off and place them under the patient's pillow; on no account must any of them be thrown away — that, too, was fatal. In the case of the child who had died, a fatal error had been made. Her parents, imperfectly acquainted with the illness which most of the old-country people knew so well, had permitted the family physician to transfer the patient to a hospital, where, doubtless, the attendants were even more ignorant of diseases caused by practitioners of the black arts. Had they tried to comb the tangles out of the child's hair? Had they cut the matted locks but failed to preserve them? In any case it was too much to hope that, with unenlightened treatment, any victim of "tangled hair" could survive.

Her acceptance of this terrible nonsense was so amazingly matter-of-fact! One felt stunned. One could not attempt to argue. One could only, in a dull fashion, offer sympathy and go apart to collect his wits, and to accustom himself to the mad images that came to his mind as he listened — an image, for example, of a power-house interior, with its great stretch of switchboard, its shining shells of generator housings, and with a living gargoyle, compound of dragon and goat, complacently strolling the white and polished floor. Surely that was no more incongruous than the belief in "tangled hair" finding a secure lodging in Detroit!

Katazyna was religiously opposed to birth control, but on one occasion she confided to my wife that certain other women in the parish were practising it, in defiance of the most solemn admonitions to the contrary by the priest. My wife asked for details. The women in question, she learned, had secretly visited a gypsy sorcerer on the west side, and for an expenditure of ten dollars each had been supplied with a novel form of preventive. It was a garterlike circlet which, being worn above the knee, exerted a magic-magnetic influence on the male principle, neutralizing its procreative potential. Under the circumstances, one could see that the sorcerer's security was complete. Few women would dare to admit to any one that they were using contraceptional devices bought from one of Satan's brood, or to complain if the charm failed to operate.

THE husband of Katazyna Kurowski had been hard-working from his earliest youth. What he might have become under village life in Poland is not easy to imagine. The fact remains that he was a craftsman by natural gift. I remember seeing a huge cupboard he had built. He had embellished its structure at each front upper corner with carvings of winged female figures which were far from amateurish. Yet his training had all been in heavy factory work having nothing to do with wood-carving.

Some days before Christmas each year, another specimen of the man's handiwork was unpacked and as-

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sembled on a table in the parlor. It was a stable at Bethlehem, ornamented above with stars and angels, and elaborated below with a fenced enclosure covered with turf and trees and abounding in such multiplicity and variety of animal life that one wondered whether the creator had not confused the Nativity with the voyage of the Ark. Not that I am opposed to free treatment in such representations. It is license of this sort that supplies more than half the charm in mediæval renderings of scriptural scenes, and one could not deny that it made the Kurowski "crib" far more interesting than others which were more accurately composed.

The man's resistance to alcohol was feeble, and his liking for drink, as I have noted, intense. Even when he had no money, Katazyna was chary of letting him go away from the house, especially if she suspected his intention of visiting his people, of whom three brothers and a sister lived together in a brawling bachelors' hall. The brothers were adept at borrowing small sums from the Kurowski purse, and the whole lot were slovenly, surly and devoted to drink and drunken manners. They uniformly soaked up the very bad moonshine liquor cooked in those parts, and between sessions they fed their drink-pummeled bodies from a single pot of "mulligan" (let us say for convenience) which was heated on the stove and there pitched into at will by the family circle. Each wrangling member ate standing, lifting his food direct from the pot to his face with a large tinplated spoon. To complete the portrait of this hardy group — they were pietists to the last inflammable breath, as full of preposterous, obsolete convictions as their blotchy hides could hold.

The Kurowski household was pretty well stabilized. Katazyna owned her house and the family had lived in it, I suppose, for twenty or more years. The husband was a more than ordinarily steady provider; his drink did not interfere with his work in the factory, as far as I know. And the elder girls, who had gone to work in stores after leaving grammar school, brought in their wages, accepted what was given them without protest, and conducted themselves carefully. Katazyna was considerably more liberal with them than her parents had been with her, and was remarkably tolerant of their yearnings for social pleasure, permitting them not only to receive young men in their home but even to go to dances and parties with them. Perhaps this was only wisdom, for the newer generation of Polish-American girls was showing itself more independent than the older one, and I knew of several cases where daughters had gone to live in rented rooms when discipline had pressed too hard. But more likely Katazyna remembered the privations of her own earlier life and shrank from inflicting similar ones on her own children.

With few exceptions the other families in the neighborhood were situated in about the same way, owning their homes, working as steadily as the city's industries permitted them, attaching their children to themselves successfully until marriage partly loosened the tie. Of all the households we knew, the most

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grotesque was that of a family of Kashub people, though whether that term is in good general standing I have not thought to find out, to this day. As I understand it, it refers to a group of people from German Poland, who speak a dialect in which gone-to-seed Polish and gone-to-seed German are indescribably mingled.

The family in question consisted of a frowsy man of Prussian appearance; a sullen woman, stooped from toil and aged from excessive childbearing; ten daughters, apparently born about a year apart, and uniformly thin and adenoidal; and one son, a lad of eight or nine, whom God in kindly consideration of the feminine majority had denied the gift of speech.

What I remember best from our contact with this family is its vicious moral prudery of outlook and its inane bawdiness of conduct. One hot summer's day my wife discovered the seventh or eighth daughter lecturing our three-year-old on the indecency of playing about the house in a breech-cloth, which was about the only sensible dress the steaming weather allowed. A sharp counter-lecture repelled this effort to inculcate in our youngster a consciousness of the sin of nudity, based on the premise that God hated bare bodies of any age, regardless of their beauty or lack of it; and I do not think the seventh or eighth daughter tried saving that brand from the burning again. In contrast to this militant purity — or perhaps in agreement with it — was the conduct of the elder daughters. One after another, as they reached the fringes of maturity, they became pregnant without benefit of clergy or formal arrangement with the State, and on each fresh discovery the house resounded with curses, blows and howls. Then gradually the protests would give way to resignation, and when the time for delivery drew near the old mother would retire from the public gaze for a space, and the progeny of the second generation would be added to that of the first.

Among the Polish-Americans I found a peasant-like passion for religion at its supernatural richest and an almost psychopathic hatred of sexual misconduct combined with language habits and cultural tastes which were downright Rabelaisian. In the jargon spoken within the home by both sexes, all the terse four-letter words, outlawed in American households, were used in abandon and without a qualm of embarrassment. Of course one might put this down to the fact that these words were the most easily available to a community of alien birth or descent, touching American culture only at its fringes. One remembers that the English vocabulary of many a French urchin, in contact with our troops, was confined to short and simple curses and obscenities. But when one heard translated some of the household expressions in the Polish tongue, one was compelled to decide that here was a people with a natural affinity for salty diction.

Anecdotes common to family circles were similarly devoid of squeamishness, and I know of one instance where an American humorous song proved too mild for the Polish-American taste and hence was completely revamped when translated, though the occasion for its translation was a radio broadcast. The song in ques-

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tion is *The Gay Caballero*. I happened to be loafing over a bottle of beer with a friend of mine who ran a semi-speakeasy, when the Polish version of the piece came in over the radio, and my friend translated it for me, between bursts of laughter, as it arrived. My own amusement was intensified by the thought of the contrast between the song as rendered by Frank Crumit and the Polish rendition, and also by the recollection that Detroit was the home of a busy and severe group of censors with plenty of official backing, who were assiduous in their efforts to keep public entertainment pure. Protected by linguistic difficulties, the authors of this Polish programme were making available to some hundreds of thousands of people a flight of wit that surpassed in bawdiness the bawdiest burlesque of the old days. It was laughable too to reflect that in all likelihood the Polish sponsors, as well as the Polish listeners-in, were all but totally unaware that the programme conflicted with American notions of propriety, which remained unsensed by every one except such climbers as had changed their names and reduced their contact with the Polish community to a minimum.

The old Polish songs I used to hear struck me, several of them, as being strangely and sadly beautiful, and it was a matter of regret to me that the younger generation as a whole seemed to be neglecting them for popular American compositions entirely lacking in charm. The Polish schools served to keep alive a limited body of Slavic choral music, however, and when Christmas carols were sung around the community tree downtown the Polish children never failed to give an interesting performance. Then, too, there were secular groups that gathered for choral singing, and there was, moreover, an American organization that promoted periodic entertainments featuring the music and dances of nearly every national group of any account in the city. These assure at least survival for the old Polish airs.

It is inevitable that words native to a new abiding place should infiltrate into the tongue of any immigrant nationality. According to Mr. Kurt Stein, who has composed at least one volume of notable humorous verse in the German-American jargon of North Chicago, the process goes on without attracting the notice of those most intimately concerned, as a merely incidental phase of the struggle toward a practical medium of communication under unfamiliar conditions. Adopted words in many instances are supplied with supernumerary syllables representing letter combinations commonly found in the language of the newcomers, or may be distorted integrally in some fashion which renders them more suitable to the phonetic habits of immigrant auditory and vocal equipment. Once this "corrective" phase has been completed, a new word takes its place in the transplanted tongue, identifying itself with the language, for the immigrants and their offspring, through both speech habit and protective transformation. At the same time, to any one outside the charmed circle of colloquial word-magic, the alien character of a transplanted term remains patent and — well, one may not say "ludicrous," without qualifi-

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cation, since to the more pedantic lovers of the transplanted tongue the matter is a subject for indignant, indeed almost tragically resentful, concern.

Thus, one must be something other than a purist, in one's attitude toward the German language, to chuckle at Mr. Kurt Stein's:

Nay, du solltest blusheh
Hier mit a perfect Stranger fourzuflusheh.

In fact, for quoting similar passages from this author, I have been branded *ein Deutsch-verdörber* or German-spoiler by an innkeeper whose use of this epithet was not entirely playful. And I imagine that the same sort of irritation must move a Polish purist who listens to the jargon spoken by the general run of Polish-Americans, who are intent merely on communication and are careless of the means employed.

However, being no purist in any language, I used to feel only interest and amusement when I heard a Polish-American shouting, "*Ić do hous'a*, for "Go into the house," instead of "*Ić do domu*." Or saying "*na swing'av'ieh*," instead of "*na chu'stawka*," when referring to some one or something to be found on the porch swing. Or directing some one to the butcher shop with the words, "*do* butcher'*ny*," instead of "*do rzerznika*." My wife had never seen Poland, but her father was far from being an illiterate man, and his use of the language set the standard for the household. Hence she had spoken a more than ordinarily authentic Polish, to the exclusion of other tongues, until she reached the age of eight; and hence she was quick to note the presence of transplanted sounds in the common language of the neighborhood. The expressions I have mentioned represent only a tithe of those to which she called my attention in the course of our Polish-American years.

Regarding her own lingual experience, my wife relates an interesting happening. Her Polish-speaking childhood was spent in her birthplace, a small city in New York State. In the midst of this period she visited Detroit for a few months. Returning to her own city, she told her playmates of the novelties of life in the larger town, among which, she remembers, she emphasized the fact that Detroiters did not call for *ryba* when they shopped for their Friday dinner, but for *fish*. In other words, she was conscious of the English term, not as an English term, but only as a *different* one. Like many another child of Polish parentage, her journeys to other cities were simply visits to other *Polish* cities; she heard English only in transit.

Of course the nuns at the Polish schools teach the children to speak the language correctly, but few of their pupils, I imagine, are encouraged to continue to do so in practice. My wife once heard the eldest Kurowski girl expressing herself in very creditable Polish in the presence of her father. But she had not gone far with it when the flow of language was interrupted by the latter's exclaiming: "My gosh! What's a matter with you? You talkin' like nothin' but a sissy!"

Such was the impression made upon this honest Polish-American by the correct use of his parents' native tongue!

One more linguistic note. I have observed that our forbidden four-

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letter words were used without hesitation by nearly every one in the Polish-American households we knew, and that rank and hearty Polish metaphors were on the tip of every family's tongue. . . . Very well. But wasn't it fitting that, contrapuntally, a word lacking any but the vaguest cultural context, for an American of different descent, carried clenched within itself a horror beyond the evocative reaches of blasphemy, for the Poles?

When the smear of obscenity, the smack of expletive, the smash of vain supernatural invocation alike failed to touch the black heights of a Polish man's rage, there remained one lingual resource.

"Cholera!" he cried. "Cholera!"

The word is pronounced *holer'a*—the *ch* like the Spanish *j*. Those within hearing — one could feel them drawing away from the man, as from a jagged mutter preceding the crack of doom.

Birdsong

By David Morton

Birdsong alone is cool
In this hot place:
A fountain and a pool
That thought can trace,
Knowing the way it fares
Through leaf and bough,
Parting the heavy airs
And curving, now,
To fall back on the ground,
Under the tree —
Forming thin pools of sound,
Could we but see.

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Mental Disarmament

By Norman Boardman

Although not written in direct answer to the argument of Herbert C. Pell last month for an American navy bigger than all others, this article may be taken as a rebuttal

At the present moment the world is looking towards Geneva with both hope and fear — hope that the Disarmament Conference there assembled may accomplish something, and fear that it will prove a failure. The question under consideration is that of physical disarmament, but back of military disarmament is a much deeper question, namely, mental disarmament. The two naturally work together, but no disarmament programme can be expected to get very far until mental disarmament has made more headway.

It is difficult to determine the exact extent to which any nation is willing to go in the matter of reduction of armaments. Every nation has its militarists and every nation has its pacifists; it has a group clamoring for increased military expenditures and it has a group advocating the reduction of armaments. Obviously the progress of mental disarmament in any country depends upon the group under consideration. Curiously enough, nations have a habit of thinking of themselves in terms of the group most advanced in the matter of mental disarmament while judging other nations in terms of the group least advanced in this respect. Thus it becomes comparatively easy for any nation to shift responsibility for not taking the initial step, at the same time blaming other nations for its not so doing. This is the general procedure and hence things only reach an impasse.

The world wants peace but it continues to cling to war ideas. These ideas are so imbedded in our ways of thinking that it is almost impossible to extricate them. Nevertheless, they must be brought under the microscope. It is only in this manner that their belligerent properties can be detected. Many of our most cherished ideas are connected with war. Hence the task is a delicate one.

Peace is not merely a beautiful sentiment; it is a problem. Like everything else, it has its price. This price is the abandonment of traditional war ideas and a frank statement of the question as a problem.

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As such it is a value that can be realized, but as yet no nation has been willing to pay this price. To this the United States has been no exception. Witness our campaigns for Americanism and the zeal with which we still guard our national sovereignty as cases in point.

Today we find ourselves wallowing around in the vicious circle of preparedness, trying to break through with almost every device except our own intelligence. It is no wonder that we arm because we are afraid and are then afraid because we arm. Governments are finding themselves in the awkward position of perhaps having to face revolution at home in order to save themselves from other governments. The population of every great state is groaning under the crushing burden of heavy taxation for the upkeep of huge military establishments. Probably the only thing that keeps such governments from being overthrown is that war is about the last luxury that civilization apparently is willing to give up.

War is not a natural phenomenon; it is a social and political evil. As such, human beings are responsible for it, and as such, they can rid themselves of it, if they honestly and seriously set themselves to the task. Earthquakes, floods, hurricanes and other "unforeseen acts of God" are physical evils that may be wished upon us by a cold and somewhat brutal nature; but war is a social evil which man alone wishes upon himself. Although he has sought to escape from this responsibility by attributing it to the Deity, he need blame no one but himself for the institution by which he now finds himself enslaved. It is this custom and his thinking about this custom that have enslaved him. War is a product of his own stupidity and his own blunderings.

Of all the attitudes toward this war habit none is more defeatist than the idea that war is something that has to be—we always have had war and always will have it. This is sheer nonsense. It is fatalism in one of its worst forms. It completely ignores the fact that intelligence can do something in controlling the destiny of humankind here on this earth. War does not have to be. It has to be just so long as human beings are stupid enough to believe that it has to be and are foolish enough to back it up. Once they take the position that war is a crime and positively refuse to sanction it, war will disappear like the famines and pestilences of old. These, too, were things which people believed inevitable.

Closely connected with the idea that war is something that just has to be is the myth that it is a part of human nature to fight. In fact this has been put forth as one of the reasons why we can not get rid of war. Man was supposed to have had within him a fighting instinct that would make war as persistent as day following night. With the modification of the concept of instinct, however, this idea has not even a leg to stand on. It is true that the human being will fight when sufficiently aroused to anger, but as for there being a definite fixed instinct that makes fighting inevitable, the idea is fit only for the junk pile. Furthermore, it is not at all necessary that people be worked up to such a pitch

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that they have to resort to physical combat.

Nevertheless, we still hear that people want war and that governments have to declare it every so often in order to satisfy the populace. One fact is sufficient to give the lie to this argument once and for all. If it is the people who want wars today why was it that every government engaged in the late War had to resort to conscription in order to wage it successfully? No government could count on enough volunteers to carry on the War. Yet its people were all anxious and eager to fight!

The truth of the matter is that nations have to be fairly whipped into fighting. All kinds of vicious propaganda, wholesale lies and stories of atrocities must be circulated with all the facilities of modern advertising methods in order to fan the flames of hatred necessary to the proper war spirit. Left to themselves, human beings would be quite incapable of working up such diabolical venom. As it is, the passions of man can not begin to be aroused on a scale at all commensurate with the destructiveness of the implements and engines of modern warfare. Even with all the devices of modern propaganda and all the resources of modern psychology at our disposal, man's capacity for hatred and destruction can not begin to keep pace with the efficiency of the instruments he wields for these purposes.

An idea is not something that an individual simply has in his or her head; it is an instrument of action, a tool for guiding conduct. We can not expect to get peace and do all our thinking in terms of war. We pay lip service to peace while war ideas are geared up with our nervous systems. The result is that war ideas become powerful and dynamic while pacific ideas are rendered feeble and impotent. At least one prerequisite for peace is that of learning to think and to act in terms of a peace order of society rather than in those of a war world.

IF THERE is anything that the last War demonstrated it is that the world is rich in military courage but is sadly lacking in civic courage. But military courage has had its day; it is nothing but the survival of the savage in our civilization. Yet we continue to laud it and glorify it. Our heroes are still the great military heroes. True enough, we are now democratizing the military spirit by worshiping at the tomb of the unknown soldier. By transferring homage from the general to the private the recognition of military values has not been changed in the least; in fact these values are set before the youth in a still more glorified form. All can not become generals, but any one may become an unknown soldier. The only requirement is the willingness to die for your country.

We may denounce the military but we still do our thinking largely in military terms. Ultimately a nation's greatness is still measured pretty much by its potential ability to wage war successfully. The great powers are those that are most feared, not those that have contributed most to civilization. Compare Switzerland with France today, or Greece with modern Japan. When Germany was defeated in the World War she lost her position among the so-called Great Powers of the world,

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not because German art, science, literature, philosophy and music were destroyed but because Imperial Germany was no longer feared as a military menace. It is this tacit assumption that must be brought to the surface, re-appraised, and given a back seat before disarmament can be expected to make any great progress. When military strength as such is relegated to the discard and a nation's greatness measured in terms of its culture, there will be some hope for getting rid of war.

This tacit recognition of war ability as the chief test of a nation's greatness brings out well the discrepancy between national and individual codes of morality. For centuries we have tried to civilize individuals while putting a premium upon a barbaric state. We have tried to socialize individual relationships and at the same time have encouraged the "bully" attitude between states.

In individual morality we teach people to be kind and generous to one another, but have recognized such attitudes as a mark of weakness when the relation is between states. In the dealings of states with one another we have not even been willing to put matters on a businesslike basis. Here political commands, attitudes of defiance and silly boasting have been the characteristic activities. All this chauvinism is regarded as patriotic, but it is not good sense. Yet the individual who does not indulge in it is still not regarded as a good patriot.

Nations carrying chips on their shoulders, so to speak, have been surprised and offended when other nations have attempted to knock them off. The peculiar part of the situation is that we have tried to rid ourselves of the bully in society but have encouraged him in the state. The bully individual is discouraged eventually, but the bully state is still highly respected.

There is no reason why states should not be civil and courteous in their dealings with one another. Frank, businesslike attitudes, rather than haughty, arrogant commands, should characterize the diplomatic negotiations between states. Yet an honest, frank person is not regarded as a good diplomat. Whether we like it or not, Machiavellian ethics is still largely the ethics of diplomacy. That much-abused word, "tact," which may be nothing more than duplicity elegantly clothed for purposes of political discourse, is the corner stone of our diplomatic code.

PREPAREDNESS programmes usually thrive on menaces. It is necessary to have some one to browbeat in order for munition makers to grow fat from profits in the traffic of arms. And in order to get the public sanction for such expenditures it is necessary that public opinion be aroused to some impending danger. Whether or not the menace is a real one is quite beside the point. The important thing is that the public be fed upon it, so that it actually is felt as such. When such a menace is felt the appropriations are forthcoming, and this was all that was wanted from the standpoint of the munition makers. Before the War this needed menace was found in Mexico. During the War Germany was the goat. Now we are hearing much about the Japanese and the Bolshevik menaces.

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Why do we spend annually hundreds of millions of dollars on a preparedness programme, which no matter how adequate it may be for a pre-war state, is grossly inadequate for war as it is carried on today? One would think from the talk of preparedness advocates that the time spent in preparing for any of the professions is small as compared with that required for becoming cannon fodder. From a military standpoint, it is true that a professional army is more efficient than a conscript one, but there is no nation that can afford to maintain a professional army that is at all adequate for war purposes.

Of all our illusions in regard to peace there is none that should have been exploded quite so thoroughly as the myth of armed peace. We pride ourselves on our ability to learn from past experience, but in matters of life and death the race has been painfully and almost fatally slow to profit by experience. No nation claims that its army is for aggressive purposes; all the military establishments are purely for the purpose of defense. But just what is it that the nations fear from one another? If it is invasion and conquest, they seem not to have learned anything from the Great War. It was once a legitimate fear, but the great warring nations of the world can not conquer each other today. Let worse come to worst and suppose that the United States were to be conquered by England, or that France should be conquered by Germany. Who would then be the gainer and who would be the loser? Before the War England regarded Germany as a great commercial rival and hence a political menace. She could not rest until Germany was vanquished. Yet after spending billions of dollars in order to defeat her erstwhile rival, she has now been compelled to invest millions to rehabilitate Germany industrially, that markets may be opened up again and her own unemployment problem relieved.

In the winter of 1923 France invaded the Ruhr with the intention of running German industries and operating the mines of the district in order to get reparations from Germany. What did she gain by this procedure? Nothing. The expedition soon proved that it would cost more than it was worth and hence was abandoned. Any attempted military conquest of an industrial people is bound to end just as disastrously as did the invasion of the Ruhr. This is because the nature of wealth has changed. Wealth is no longer a mere possession, but consists of a flow of commerce, a fact well proved by the present business depression. Industrial nations may still conquer backward peoples who are pretty much in an agricultural economy but they can not conquer each other. They may even hoist an alien flag over a rival's territory, but such a conquest is in name only. Yet it is not backward peoples that we arm against, but our own industrial rivals. Truly the proverbial Martian visiting our planet might question Aristotle's wisdom in regarding man as in any sense a rational animal.

None of our most cherished values is more pregnant with war than the idea of patriotism. Many are the attempts being made to rid patriotism of its chauvinistic

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pretensions and to re-define it in a manner consistent with a peace order of society. Such a procedure is quite all right so long as there is no real issue at stake. Although it may meet with opposition from the professionals, it is not until its actual implications are brought out that these better patriots begin to lose standing. It is all well enough to talk about re-defining patriotism in terms of living for one's country rather than dying for it, but the moment one declares his unwillingness to die for it his claim to being a patriot is shouted down. Consequently the re-definers only play into the hands of the war crowd. It is because of this tendency that respectable minority groups in various countries are now beginning to look upon patriotism as an actual vice and not only are making no attempts to preserve it as a virtue, but are active in their opposition to it.

Americanism is no more effective as an idea for promoting the peace of the world than is any other nationalistic "ism." It tends to emphasize differences, many of which are false and fictitious, rather than similarities among nations. It tends to blind us to our own domestic problems while it exaggerates the same problems among other peoples. It continually pats us on the back for a number of things that are not strictly true about ourselves, while it greatly belittles the efforts for progress abroad. It fails to recognize the fact that, after all, human nature is pretty much the same the world over and would have us believe that it is something essentially different in the United States from what it is in other countries. Along with the gospel of Americanism should go the slogan of "America First."

One can not think in terms of "firsts" and expect to get peace. Since there can be no two firsts, this is essentially a war idea. It is a survival of the philosophy of dominance as a method of organizing society rather than an expression of the newer philosophy of coöperation. It means dominance through war rather than peace through coöperation It sets nations over against one another rather than recognizing their interdependence. Nations are not isolated, distinct, independent units of society but, like individuals, must realize their respective identities through intercourse and interaction with one another.

It was this entitative idea of the state that gave rise to the notion of sovereignty. With the exception of the idea of nationalistic patriotism there is probably no idea that has played more mischief in preventing a reconstruction of the world on a peace basis than has the concept of sovereignty. It stands between the United States and the League of Nations and the World Court at the present time. Born of the Renaissance, it has never been anything more than a metaphysical fiction. Yet, like the Monroe Doctrine, people will fight and die for it despite the fact that they can not tell you what it means. Even political scientists can not give an intelligible statement of it without becoming more debauched by metaphysics than the mediæval schoolmen themselves. As an idea it simply is not worth the price we are paying for it. Furthermore, it is essentially a belligerent idea. There can be no

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permanent peace between entitative sovereign states. Between them the law of the jungle is the only law that need be recognized. It is true that nations lose some of their precious sovereignty when they outlaw war, but who among us would preserve the monster in order to retain the right? Just as individuals lose the right to take the law into their own hands when they once recognize it, so nations lose this right when they begin to recognize a code of international law. If there is any principle that the law recognizes, it is that the litigants to a dispute shall not be the judge. The problem is that of getting nations to recognize the same principle. This means a transfer of a certain amount of sovereignty from the nation to an international law court. Such a transfer of power does mean the loss of sovereignty to some extent. It means the giving up of a war sovereignty for a peace sovereignty.

The main thing that stands in the way of such a transfer at the present time is the idea of nationalism. Tied up with the state as it is today, nationalism has developed into a religion. It is the latest expression of patriotism. It fairly deifies the state and thinks of it in personal terms. Thus we have "national rights," "national honor," and "national interests," all of which must be protected by the government of a national state. The state thus becomes a metaphysical entity which has an existence apart from the individuals who compose it. It is this metaphysical conception that gives rise to all the romantic illusions. Once we get rid of it, patriotism loses much of its glory and national interests, national rights and national honor become nothing but fictions of this nationalistic cult.

A state is a very pragmatic institution. It has no mysterious existence apart from the individuals who compose it. It is only by some fanciful twist of the imagination that its interests become so entirely opposed to the welfare of its individual citizens. Yet it is this perverted twist that gives rise to the illusion of a war for humanity. What is the sense in talking about a war for humanity when concrete pieces of living humanity are suffering and bleeding? The truth of the matter is that there is no such thing as a war for humanity as war is carried on today. Yet, because of the superstition centring about the national existence of a state, humanity as a whole is by some mysterious process expected to benefit by fighting over such fictions as national right, national interest and national honor.

If the world is today enslaved by the institution of war, it is because it has accepted without questioning many ideas, which, when acted upon and recognized as values, lead to war. Only when these ideas are re-evaluated in the light of the needs of a peace order of society shall we ever be able to rid ourselves of the curse of war. As yet the world has been willing to pay for war but it has not been willing to pay anything for peace. Peace has its price, and this price is the relinquishing of belligerent ideas as well as the scrapping of costly armaments.

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Franklin's Patriotic Fib

By John McAuley Palmer

Encyclopedias and biographies have accepted a fictitious version of von Steuben's coming to America. During the bicentennial of Washington, his commander, the true one may be of particular interest

On the twenty-third day of February, 1778, Baron von Steuben reported to Washington at Valley Forge. He came with a letter from Benjamin Franklin introducing him as a lieutenant general in the service of the King of Prussia. He wore the uniform of his grade with the bejewelled star of the Order of Baden on his breast. The glamor of his high rank in the army of Frederick the Great made a tremendous appeal to the imagination of Washington's soldiers. They eagerly embraced his military gospel. Within a few weeks, under his skilled instruction, they acquired the discipline and skill essential to victory. Steuben thus became one of the indispensable figures in the achievement of American independence, and the prestige and glamor of high rank under the aura of Frederick the Great were essential factors in his success.

But Benjamin Franklin was mistaken, to say the least, when he wrote that letter of introduction. The Prussian archives tell quite a different story. Steuben was never more than a captain in the army of Frederick the Great and he left that service fourteen years before he sailed for America. The glamor of high rank, so essential to his success at Valley Forge, was purely fictitious. What, then, is the history of this fateful falsehood?

It is a story of Eighteenth Century intrigue. During the years 1776 and 1777, France was giving valuable aid to the rebellious American Colonies. This was not because the French ministers desired to promote the cause of democracy. It was because they desired to embarrass their neighbor and ancient enemy, his Britannic Majesty. It was before her declaration of war against England, and France was still preserving all of the forms and proprieties of strict neutrality. It had therefore been necessary to camouflage her American operations. This had been accomplished through the ingenuity of Caron de Beaumarchais, the great

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dramatist and one of the arch intriguers of the Eighteenth Century.

Beaumarchais, with the connivance of Vergennes, the French Foreign Minister, formed a commercial corporation known as Hortalez & Company. Hortalez & Company then entered into the business of shipping arms and munitions to America. The corporation conducted this business strictly on its own account; but the Government subscribed liberally to its capital stock and permitted it to procure arms and munitions on credit from the royal arsenals. It is thus quite clear that the Government, as such, was not giving aid and comfort to England's rebellious Colonies. It simply anticipated a corporate device of the Twentieth Century and became what we would call a securities holding company.

In the spring of 1777 the affairs of Hortalez & Company were in a bad way. Arms and other military stores had been shipped to America, but they were lost and damaged more rapidly than they could be supplied. Some were lost at sea. Some were captured by the British army. Such losses were to be expected in war and could be anticipated. But more serious losses occurred in the Continental army itself. It lacked organization, discipline and administrative experience. In these circumstances more military material was lost, damaged and wasted by the troops than was captured by the enemy. Unless these conditions could be corrected the colonial effort must fail even if backed by all the wealth of France.

Through Vergennes and Beaumarchais this critical American situation was brought to the notice of the French Ministry of War. Fortunately, the War Minister, Count de St. Germain, was not an ordinary bureaucrat. He was a war-schooled veteran. He had been a practical field soldier and an able general for many years. As a young man, he had won his spurs under such commanders as Prince Eugene and the Mareschal Saxe. Later he had served for a time in the Prussian army under Frederick the Great. Before the Seven Years War he had returned to the French army as a lieutenant general. He commanded the French rear guard after the disastrous battle of Rossbach. There he saved the remnants of King Louis's army from annihilation. There also he learned the secret of French defeat. The France of Madame Pompadour could not compete with the Prussia of Frederick the Great.

To such a man as St. Germain the diagnosis of the American crisis was simple. It was obvious that the American commander needed competent technical advice. Washington was an able and forceful leader but he was not a trained soldier. He needed a staff officer trained in the practical business methods of conducting war. It is true that many European soldiers of fortune had sought service in America. Some of them were able and gallant officers, but none of them were trained in the duties of a modern general staff.

It was just while St. Germain was considering this need that his old acquaintance, Baron von Steuben, came to Paris in quest of employment. Here was the very man that Hortalez & Company should send to Washington. The Baron was not an officer of high rank but St. Germain

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had known him for years and knew that his purely professional equipment was of the highest quality then known in the world. His professional standing was attested by the highest possible credentials. In the fierce school of the Seven Years War, he had won a place on the operations staff of Frederick the Great. He was therefore a general staff officer when the very conception of a modern general staff was scarcely known outside of Prussia. St. Germain was probably the only man in France at that time with enough knowledge and enough breadth of vision to appraise these peculiar qualifications. Franklin, Deane, Beaumarchais and Vergennes each did his part in securing Steuben's services for America. But without St. Germain's unique insight to guide them none of them could have appreciated the importance of enlisting him. It was thus through St. Germain that France was enabled to ship military efficiency as well as military supplies to the American Colonies.

THROUGH St. Germain and Beaumarchais Steuben was introduced to Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane. The American commissioners were favorably impressed with the Baron's credentials and personality and were eager that he should go to America. But they were not empowered to make any contract with him in behalf of the Continental Congress. They were unable to promise him suitable rank or pay. So many European adventurers had gone to America that Congress had become disgusted and had instructed the commissioners not to encourage any others. There was also great jealousy and discontent in the American army because DeKalb and Lafayette had been commissioned as major generals. The Baron, by this time, had become so interested in the revolutionary adventure that he was disposed to waive the issue of rank and pay until after his arrival in America. But when he learned that the commissioners could not even advance him the money needed for his travel expenses, he left the conference in disgust. He informed Beaumarchais and St. Germain that he was through with their American project and immediately returned to Germany.

But Beaumarchais and St. Germain were not so easily discouraged. They felt confident that if Steuben should report to the Continental Congress, his professional reputation and merits would win recognition and that in some way or other he would find his opportunity. It was therefore decided that Hortalez & Company should advance the money needed for his journey. Then they sent letters to the Baron in Germany and induced him to return to Paris.

The enterprise now took on a new form. It was decided that the Baron should not seek to make any terms with the American commissioners. He would go as a distinguished foreigner who desired to serve as volunteer with Washington's army. As such, he would travel to America ostensibly at his own expense. He would ask Franklin and Deane for letters of introduction and nothing more. They would transmit the Count de St. Germain's high estimate of Steuben's abilities to Washington and the leaders of Congress.

But there was one flaw in this plan.

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St. Germain could vouch for Steuben's professional attainments, but still the Baron was only a captain when he left the Prussian army. Captain von Steuben might serve as a useful officer on Washington's staff, but this was not enough. This would make no appeal to the imagination of the Continental Congress and the army. To use a modern phrase, something must be done that would *sell* the Baron to the American people. If the Baron were only a general instead of a captain! If he could go to America as a distinguished soldier of high rank with a brilliant staff, his chances would be better. He would then be received as the honored guest of the American nation with an éclat and authority that would prepare the way for his reforms.

Then somebody in that little Parisian group had a stroke of genius. Like most strokes of genius it was very simple. If the success of the Baron's American embassy depended on his wearing a general's coat, the problem was purely sartorial. Any good military tailor could solve it. And this solution was adopted. Captain von Steuben remained in Europe and disappeared from history. His Excellency, Lieutenant General von Steuben picked up a military secretary and two aides-de-camp, procured brilliant uniforms for himself and his staff, and prepared to sail for America.

I have been unable to determine who first suggested that highly salutary prevarication. Steuben may have been the playwright as well as the leading actor in the play. Or perhaps Beaumarchais was the creative poet and indeed it was a dramatic conception quite in keeping with the creator of *Figaro*. But if Beaumarchais did not invent the fiction he was a party to it. He financed the play and otherwise acted as impressario. Through his Hortalez & Company he provided sea transportation for his Excellency, the new Lieutenant General, and his staff.

St. Germain was undoubtedly a party to the intrigue. In his letter to Washington, Franklin says that his endorsement of Steuben is based upon the authority of St. Germain and Vergennes. St. Germain had known Steuben ever since his retirement from the Prussian army as a captain. He knew that the Baron was amply qualified to be a lieutenant general, but he also knew that he had never been one.

Franklin did his part in writing letters of introduction for the distinguished traveler. His letter to Washington follows:

Sir; —

The Gentleman who will have the Honour of waiting upon you with this letter is the Baron de Steuben, Lieutenant General in the King of Prussia's service, whom he attended in all his Campaigns, being his Aide-de-Camp, Quartermaster General, etc. He goes to America with a true Zeal for our Cause, and a View of engaging in it and rendering it all the Service in his power. He is recommended to us by two of the best Judges of Military Merit in this country, M. de Vergennes and M. de St. Germain, who have long been personally acquainted with him, and interest themselves in promoting his Voyage from the full Persuasion that the Knowledge and Experience he has acquired by 20 Years' Study and Practice in the Prussian School may be of great Use in our Armies. I, therefore, cannot but recommend him warmly to your Excellency, wishing that our Service may be made agreeable to him.

And how about Benjamin Franklin when he wrote that letter? When

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he presented Steuben to Washington as a Prussian lieutenant general was he a party to the pious fraud or only a dupe? Hardly the latter. He who asserts that Benjamin was ever a dupe has the burden of proof against him. And in this case the presumption is reënforced by documentary evidence. The unpublished Franklin Papers in Philadelphia reveal that the Doctor had been corresponding about Steuben with an old friend in Germany for four months before he wrote that letter to Washington. When Franklin wrote it he must have known that the Baron was not a lieutenant general in the service of the King of Prussia or any one else.

Indeed there is good reason to believe that the important phrase "in the King of Prussia's Service" originated with Franklin. In later years, when the Baron referred to his lieutenant generalcy, he had the modesty to claim it under a commission from one of the minor agencies of the Holy Roman Empire. On this point, however, his memory was never very accurate. Sometimes he would say that he had been a lieutenant general in Baden. At other times he would say that he had held that rank in the Circle of Suabia. It is hardly likely that he could have represented himself to Franklin as an officer of high rank in the Prussian service. With a Prussian minister resident in Paris such a fiction must have met with speedy exposure. And such a representation from St. Germain or Vergennes would have been even more absurd. Franklin was undoubtedly informed that the Baron had served in the Prussian army during the Seven Years War. He was probably also informed that the Baron had attained the rank of lieutenant general later. It is therefore possible that the Doctor, with his limited knowledge of military affairs, might have got the two stories mixed. Or perhaps he realized that his letter to Washington was really advertising copy. The Doctor had had considerable experience and success in that species of literature; he fully appreciated the merits of simplicity and emphasis. And if he was going to sell a fictitious lieutenant general to his countrymen for the good of their country, why not sell one with an unexceptionable trade mark? A commission from Frederick the Great would mean something to every intelligent man in America; a commission from the Margrave of Baden would be a drug on the market. The fact that the Doctor's reference to Prussia was not precisely accurate was indeed revealed shortly after the Baron's arrival at Valley Forge, but not until after he had been accepted by the Continental army as the right hand man of Frederick the Great.

FRANKLIN'S colleague, Silas Deane, wrote the following interesting letter to Robert Morris:

> The bearer, Monsieur Le Baron de Steuben, Lieutenant General in the Prussian Army, has seen more than Twenty Years Service under the King of Prussia, part of which he served as Quarter Master General, and aide de Camp to the King. The General peace in Europe and his design of distinguishing himself in the American Cause induce him to make tenders of his Service to the Congress. He has letters of Recommendation from Prince Henry of Prussia as well as other great Personages and is warmly recommended by the Ministry here who are acquainted with his Person as well as Character.

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He came to Paris about two months since, with the desire of embarking immediately, but no opportunity offering, and being advised to Suspend his Resolution for a short time, he returned to Germany, and on being applied to by some of our friends here, he made a Second Journey to Paris. But not certain of pursuing his voyage, he left behind him the Certificates of his Services which he had with him on his first Journey to Paris. I mention this, as he had proposed to send for them but I advised him not to delay his setting out on that account for that having seen them, and also the recommendation of the Minister here, I thought it would be only the Loss of time. I take the Liberty of recommending him immediately to you, to be introduced to the Congress, and to Gen'l. Washington from whom, I doubt not, his abilities and Long Experience and his Zeal for the American Cause, will meet with the attention and respect which they merit. Make my compliments to all Friends, and be assured I am with the most Sincere Esteem and friendship, Dear Sir, etc.

Deane's letter merits careful consideration. It will be noted that he anticipated any Congressional inquiry as to why the Baron did not take his military commissions and other records of service to America with him. If any querulous member should ask for documents he would, perforce, be satisfied by Deane's letter. He would be gratified to learn that the credentials had been examined and accepted as authentic by at least one of the American commissioners in Paris. Such a reader might also naturally infer that Silas had seen documentary proof of the Baron's Prussian commission as lieutenant general. Deane frankly announced him as such, and no doubt such an exalted dignity would be mentioned in the letter of recommendation from Prince Henry of Prussia, the brother of Frederick the Great. On the whole we must concede that Silas fairly shares the honors with Benjamin, and Beaumarchais and St. Germain and the Baron himself as a gifted member of a very effective sales syndicate.

Deane's letter to Robert Morris also throws light on the financial aspects of Steuben's pilgrimage. In a postscript he says:

I mention the expence of his journey as a favor done us by our zealous and constant Friends, Messrs. Rodrigue Hortalez & Co. who will write you in his Behalf and give him a Letter for Fifty Louis which you will, I doubt not, duly honor.

On the 26th of September, 1777, his Excellency, the new Lieutenant General, and his staff sailed from Marseilles for America. The party was personally conducted by Beaumarchais's nephew, M. de Francy. Their ship, *l'Heureuse*, of the French navy, had been loaned to Hortalez & Company by his most Christian Majesty's Government. For this voyage she masqueraded as a merchantman under the name, *Le Flamand*. She bore a valuable cargo of arms and military stores for the American customers of Hortalez & Company. After a stormy and dangerous voyage, she succeeded in evading the English cruisers and landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on December first.

The Baron was received by the American commander at Portsmouth as became his high military rank. While there he wrote to Washington and to the Continental Congress, transmitting his letters of introduction and expressing his desire to serve a campaign with the American army as a volunteer. A few days later he proceeded overland to Boston where he awaited replies to his letters. During his sojourn in Boston

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he was entertained by Governor John Hancock as a distinguished foreigner entitled to the courtesy of the nation. In due time he and his suite were provided with saddle horses and wagons at public expense and set out across country for York, Pennsylvania, then the seat of the Continental Congress. His journey was heralded through the press. At Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, Fishkill and Bethlehem he was received as became one of the trusted generals of Frederick the Great. At Manheim, he was received by Robert Morris, who had already been prepared for his reception by letters from Franklin and Deane and Beaumarchais.

On the 5th of February the Baron arrived at York. Thanks to Franklin his coming had been well advertised, and he was received with high honors by John Laurens, the President of Congress. The next day a committee of Congress waited upon his Excellency to ascertain his wishes. The Baron was aware of the jealous public attitude toward foreign officers, and therefore relieved the committee of all embarrassment. He said that he came solely as an officer of high rank desiring to serve a campaign under General Washington as a volunteer. He sought no rank or commission in the American service, nor did he seek any pay. He only asked that his actual expenses while with the army be paid, as was customary under such circumstances in Europe. Then he completely captivated the committee by making a proposition in which he staked his future fortunes upon the success of the American cause. If his services should lead to the eventual independence of the Colonies, he would expect them to reimburse him for his sacrifices in leaving Europe and to give him such reward as they should consider fitting. But if the American cause should fail, or if he should not further its success, he would make no claim whatever. This sporting proposition made a powerful appeal to the committee and to the Congress. A few days later his "disinterested services," to use the phraseology adopted by Congress, were accepted and his Excellency, Lieutenant General Baron von Steuben, was directed to repair to General Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge.

There he was received by the Commander-in-Chief as became his distinguished rank. A few days later Washington wrote to the President of Congress:

> Baron Steuben has arrived at Camp. He appears to be much of a gentleman, and as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, a man of military knowledge, and acquainted with the world.

The condition of the Continental army that winter at Valley Forge is well known. It was reduced in strength, its soldiers suffering from lack of food, clothing and everything else. It was disorganized and its morale was low. There was no uniform system of drill or discipline or supply or administration. As was most natural, the Commander-in-Chief sought the advice of his distinguished guest. The Baron made a thorough inspection of the whole command and proposed a practical first step toward reform. He suggested that an inspector general should be appointed, empowered to investigate all abuses and irregularities and to recommend reforms.

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Washington accepted this advice and asked the Baron to assume the office temporarily.

Steuben now had his opportunity. But where should he begin? It was now well into the month of March and the campaign would open within a few weeks. There was no time for systematic reorganization. He must seize upon the most vital need and act at once. He decided to drill the army. Once under a uniform discipline its morale would rise and other reforms would follow. But there were no uniform drill regulations. Each colonel exercised his own preference. One preferred his smattering of the Prussian drill, another the French, another the English. There was no time to write new drill regulations and no effective central power to enforce them even if written. Then Steuben revealed that his genius was equal to his opportunity. He appealed to the power of example. He selected a few men from each regiment and formed a guard company of one hundred and twenty men for the Commander-in-Chief. He drilled this company himself. It became a spectacle for the whole army. Within a few weeks the little guard company became a model of skill and precision. Its rapid progress seemed miraculous. Then Steuben was able to extend his gospel to all of the regiments. Drill became the fashion. A new soldierly pride, the very spirit of victory, extended throughout the army. The Baron's military system was adopted, not by the Continental Congress, but by the rank and file of the Continental army.

And strange to say the Baron's very handicaps and defects became aids to his success. He could speak little or no English and had to rely upon Captain Benjamin Walker and other young officers who had been detailed to assist him. When a drill exercise went wrong the Baron would lose his temper and swear in German and French. Then having exhausted his artillery of foreign oaths he would call one of his aides-de-camp to swear at the men in English for him. On one of these interesting occasions he cried out:

"*Viens*, Walker, *mon ami, viens mon bon ami, sacré*. God damn de *gaucheries* of dese *badauds*. *Je ne puis plus*, I can curse dem no more."

Those who know the spirit of the American soldier need not be told the result. The men felt no resentment at the Baron's profanity. It was sanctified by their sense of humor. They laughed at the sputtering red-faced general. Then they tried the exercise again — this time without error. Here was the final touch of comedy to make the whole play a success. The soldiers laughed at the Baron but it was the wholesome laughter of love. From those days at Valley Forge he became one of the most cherished figures in the affections of the Continental army.

By the end of April the Baron's success was assured. On the thirtieth of that month, Washington wrote to Congress recommending his permanent appointment as Inspector General. On the fifth of May he became a major general in the army of the United States. The more exalted rank of lieutenant general was now forgotten. It had served its purpose. Less than two months later Steuben's training system received its battle test on the field of Monmouth. There and thereafter throughout the

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war, the Continental army proved itself, battalion for battalion, the equal in skill and discipline to the best British regulars. His was probably the greatest achievement in rapid military training in the history of the world.

And what was the underlying secret of the Baron's success at Valley Forge? He had professional knowledge, skill, adaptability, tact and a magnetic and picturesque personality. But it was the glamor of his supposed high rank under Frederick the Great that gave him his opportunity. With all his gifts, Captain von Steuben could have made no impression upon the critical military situation in America. This is clearly revealed in a letter written at Valley Forge by Colonel Alexander Scammell, Washington's Adjutant General. In a letter to General Sullivan, Scammell wrote:

> Baron Steuben sets us a truly noble example. He has undertaken the discipline of the army, and shows himself to be a perfect master of it, not only in the grand maneuvers, but in the most minute details. To see a gentleman, dignified with a lieutenant general's commission from the great Prussian monarch, condescend, with a grace peculiar to himself, to take under his direction a squad of ten or twelve men in the capacity of drill sergeant, commands the admiration of both officers and men, and causes them to improve exceedingly fast under his instruction.

What a blessing it was to the cause of American Independence that Benjamin Franklin was not hampered by a too meticulous accuracy when he wrote that fateful letter of introduction.

But if the Baron's fictitious rank was a blessing to his adopted country, it has been far from a blessing to his biographers. When he came to America he came playing a part and he played it as the consummate actor that he was. But, unfortunately, he was committed to the rôle for the rest of his life. He owed that to his fellow conspirators. He came to us in the pose of an exalted foreign visitor of high rank and he could never afterwards descend from that rôle. For the rest of his life when he referred to his European past he referred to the fictitious past that was made for him in Paris. He talked it and wrote it so much and for so many years that finally he began to believe it himself. So, in his later years when he wrote an occasional autobiographic sketch, he gave the history of the fictitious lieutenant general who made a leisurely pleasure journey to Paris in the summer of 1777. He does not profess to give the history of the impecunious retired captain who went to Paris that same summer in quest of a much needed job. There are a number of these autobiographic sketches in the Steuben Manuscripts in the Library of the New York Historical Society. They were discovered there by a distinguished biographer in 1857 and 1858. As usual, the biographer was delighted to find autobiographic material. He therefore gratefully accepted it and wove it into his book. Since then it has found its way into all of the encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries in Europe and America, with the result that the accepted version of Steuben's pre-American history is largely a myth.

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Two important aspects of economic stabilization

The Rule of Gold

By H. P. Losely

A plan to increase our monetary gold supply and thereby restore and maintain an equitable price level

The problem here considered is the relation of gold to fluctuations in the volume of business and the connection between our method of measuring values and the periodical disturbances euphemistically described as the business cycle.

This problem might be studied from the point of view of developing indices to aid the wise in escaping disaster, or it might be studied from the point of view of redesigning our monetary machine to bring out a "new model." The writer prefers the latter as more in keeping with the spirit of progress and pursuit of enlightenment.

We have made miraculous advances along technical lines by disregarding tradition and placing precedents in their proper place as starting points only, modifying design as rapidly as new variants are discovered, never accepting the existing order as final. In the early history of the steam engine, excessive speed not infrequently caused the flywheel to explode and wreck all in its path — now we have sensitive governors on our steam turbines which hold speed to such unvarying precision that we make them operate our timepieces by wire and eliminate pendulum clocks. This is a new plea for redesigning our monetary system, with a sketch of one possible method which so far seems to have escaped the many economists who have studied the problem of money.

Change only for the sake of change is mere intellectual vanity, but change to raise the community standard of living and security is after all the mainspring of civilization. In a self-contained community living under simple conditions of great stability, with small groups largely independent of money, there is little or no upset caused by changes in levels of commodity prices. So we find, for instance, Stuart Chase struck by the non-existence of unemployment in Mexican rural districts. But even Chase suggests that living conditions there would be ameliorated by modern sanitation systems.

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However, as soon as we start to install devices which require large capital expenditures, we forthwith leave simple conditions behind. We start on the path of spreading the cost over long periods and inaugurate amortization charges. It seems to me a serious error of "design" to continue the use of money according to rules which work quite well for facilitating barter. We must take thought of the implications incurred as soon as we commence the business of long-time future contracts and obligations and we require flexibility to accommodate large-scale changes. Even if we were to operate without credit, the problem would still exist; the question of accumulation and proper time to buy would be quite as acute.

To avoid misunderstanding of terms, let us have a few definitions:

(1) Value is the measure of the desirability of all forms of wealth and might be mathematically expressed as a scale of algebraic quantities.

(2) Prices are translations of algebraic quantities of value into relatives to the value of the legally established medium, gold. One dollar is 23.22 grains of gold, certified and coined by the Government, and nothing more than that.

(3) Money consists of coins of various denominations and specified metal content, and paper tokens issued to represent them, but only issued in quantities which can be redeemed for metal within the time limits imposed by commercial transactions.

There may be some question as to the acceptance of these definitions, but if we are agreed that a sound money system, free from a fiat character, is the prime requisite on which to build with confidence, they must substantially furnish our foundation. It is only by using money which has intrinsic value that we can build up a monetary system which will be accepted automatically. Thus, as long as gold retains its desirability, every one is willing to accept standardized gold coins (or paper convertible without loss to gold) in exchange for services or for other commodities.

Money, of course, proved itself a marvelous convenience for facilitating barter. But as business has gradually changed from barter and trade on the spot to the organization of capital for use over long periods, we have continued to use the same medium, gold, without generally recognizing the effects of using this unregulated medium.

We have in Washington a Bureau of Standards which meticulously provides means of establishing gauges against which we can measure weights, dimensions and even physical properties of the goods we contract to deliver or to purchase, but we fail to consider the equitable definition of the other side of the contract. We do provide a standard of payment but not of stable value; this lack is a major fault of our social organization.

We have, it is true, determined a standard coinage, and the Government turns out pieces of metal certified as to gold content (or equivalent) and which it jealously guards against fraudulent substitution or debasement. But we have not provided that our dollar will be equally valuable next year as this. It is this lack in our monetary system which is the

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cause of the major acute upsets in our economic life. The problem of dealing with the chronic malady caused by faulty distribution of the profits of our machine civilization is of quite different nature, but can be readily solved if there is a stable base for prices.

THE result of the fluctuating base of value on which we rest our monetary system is that every contract involving future delivery or payment becomes a speculation on the gold market. To a great extent the risk can be eliminated by a hedging process, and in practice this procedure is largely attempted. The manufacturer who books an order today can immediately contract for the requisite material and can often conclude an agreement with his employes on wage rates to be paid. If there were never failures in the chain, it might be feasible to work satisfactorily under such a system. Unfortunately, the consequences of the existing fluctuations are that certain elements fail to complete their part of the bargain; in times of stress these failures become cumulative and after the mistaken speculator is wiped out, the most prudent and honest find themselves holding the bag.

If the gold market is weakening and price levels are rising, there is a continual accumulation of profits due to the shrinkage in our measure of values. These profits are, however, vicarious and not the result of sagacious business enterprise, but when added to normally earned profits generate an appearance of exuberant prosperity. Profits then remain largely on paper and finance a rush into business ventures of all descriptions. The most injurious effect of this boom psychology is that assets are gradually converted from a liquid, tangible, convertible condition into assets of a fixed inconvertible nature or even dissipated on intangibles. The process continues until such time as it is apparent that profits are not materializing in the anticipated degree and eventually there comes a simultaneous rush to escape the consequences of ill-advised investment and of contractual obligations by converting assets into gold. This desire does not spring from a miser's instinct, but because prices now fall and the owner of capital goods stands to gain more by hoarding gold than by any other use of his capital.

When in our undisciplined freedom every one tries to convert assets to gold, and there are only ten billions of dollars available in the entire world for money (five dollars per capita) there naturally ensues a complete demoralization, which is only cured when men learn the meaning of the tale of Midas, that gold has certain attractive properties but will not support life.

Now one of the causes for these fluctuations in the gold market is the rather inflexible nature of gold mining. The total production in the world is only about twenty million ounces annually, which with a population of not quite two billion means about twenty cents per capita per annum. It is impossible suddenly to expand or contract this amount to order as long as gold mining is a free industry, but we may have comparatively sudden involuntary fluctuations due to new discoveries or to

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failure of old mines. Obviously, when people all over the world are suddenly possessed with an urge to convert their factories (or shares therein) and machinery and homes into gold, the imposition of such a demand on an inflexible source of supply creates an impossible situation. Herein lies the reason why a bear market begins with a short drastic drop, compared with the protracted start of a bull market.

The fundamental error seems to me to lie in our having assumed two incompatible conditions. We have chosen to use gold as our standard, and have chosen to leave the entire operation of the gold market free and unregulated; we might just as reasonably make our standard yardstick out of a piece of suspender elastic. To measure values we are now using a definite quantity of a commodity of varying value. The problem has been attacked from the angle of varying the quantity (Fisher's compensated dollar), but I believe that in the last analysis this method will fall before the objection that it interferes with the accumulation of a reserve of hard money and it has ethically somewhat the appearance of trying to make two wrongs make a right. I believe we can find better results by an effort to stabilize substantially the value of the metals used.

In view of the immense importance of the gold supply to our economic well-being, and the relatively small per capita amounts involved, the entire gold-mining industry should be converted into some form of regulated monopoly. An international syndicate has been suggested (R. A. Lehfeldt), but under present conditions it seems preferable to search for a method independent of international action, which at least will give us control within our own boundaries. Any comparison of such operations with other efforts at governmental control of individual commodity prices would hardly be proper, since all previous attempts have left out of consideration the basis of prices.

Let us, however, consider the origin of the value of gold. In addition to its natural scarcity, the metal has certain very attractive qualities peculiar to itself, and as a result of these qualities and the present cost of obtaining supplies, about one-quarter to one-half of the world's gold production is used for consumers' goods (ornament, display, jewelry, industrial arts, protective coatings, dentistry, etc.) It is primarily this use which gives gold its value, and it is only because of this value that the automatic acceptance of gold coin has come about.

Until now, we have in general left this interplay of commercial use and monetary use to take its own course without any attempt to control it. I believe we shall find that by influencing and controlling this distribution we can regulate the value of gold in our own country and thus find means to substantially eliminate the cause of large fluctuations in price levels. To demonstrate the theory by extreme possibility, let us suppose a confiscatory tax on the use of gold in the arts, particularly on use for the display of wealth. Such a tax might be a license fee to wear gold jewelry, supplemented by a tax on the manufacturer. Such a tax

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would, of course, increase the display value of gold, but this value would be confiscated by the Government. The result of such a tax and license would be twofold; first, a large amount of gold jewelry would be turned into bullion, and second, industry would quickly develop substitutes for gold. The amount of gold used for purposes other than coinage would thus be decimated, and with the added supply of reclaimed gold, the repercussion on the value of gold would be such that all incentive to hoarding would be removed. Lest this be considered too far-fetched, it may be remembered that in Germany during the War, practically all gold ornament was "withdrawn from circulation" and converted into bullion for trading purposes.

In actual practice it would be neither necessary nor advisable to go to such extreme measures. An adjustable and classified tax up to 200 per cent on gold use in the arts, and possibly also export of bullion, would probably be sufficient to maintain commodity prices at any level deemed practically desirable, although long-time prediction is hardly possible because of the uncertainty of mining. Incidentally, such a tax would be smaller in proportion and total value than that now imposed on cigarettes, which in some cases is 300 per cent of the cost of manufacture.

There was a proposal for an excise tax on gold under consideration in 1918, but the error was made at that time of suggesting the use of the proceeds as a bonus to gold miners, and this, of course, is not desirable.

The position here taken is that as long as gold is used as the measure of value, and consequently as the medium for fulfilling contracts (including over a hundred billions of life insurance!) then the administration of justice lays upon the Government the burden of maintaining a stable value of gold, and from this point of view measures should be taken which might not receive consideration for other commodities. The procedure suggested is that the Government continue the "free" coinage of gold, that is accept any amount of gold bullion tendered and issue therefor one gold dollar per 23.22 grains tendered, deducting, however, brassage charges to cover minting expenses. The gold mined within the borders of the country would then tend (under the proposed conditions) all to be turned into coinage by the miners and from them flow into commercial channels. Gold required by the Government for its own use would be obtained from customs revenue, placing on the body of importers the onus of obtaining it. The regulation of the tax rates for use of gold in arts would be assigned to the Treasury Department, which would license gold-fabricating establishments in a manner similar to that used for tobacco factories. Simultaneously with the stamping of the finished article to certify its gold content, a revenue tag would be attached to show payment of the tax, and all sales without such tag would be illegal and the object subject to confiscation. The rate of tax would be adjusted each month according to the commodity index of the Department of Labor, raising the tax when the index is lower than the determined figure and lowering it when the index is higher.

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Inasmuch as a commodity price level at least fifty per cent over present quotations would be desirable, and with the tendency for gold to become scarcer and commodities to be produced more cheaply, the rate of tax presumably would always be a mathematically positive quantity. The tax rate would virtually become a sluice-gate regulated to divert first whatever amount is necessary for currency to that use, and then and only then allow the remainder to be used in the arts.

In estimating the possibilities of such a taxation plan it is to be noted that the non-monetary consumption of gold in the United States in the last decade has been at the rate of $60,000,000 annually (variations have been substantially within ten per cent of this figure) whereas our own gold production, while above the world per capita rate, is now about $40,000,000 annually. Expert opinion is that this latter rate will be maintained for some time to come, without expectation of appreciable increase. Because of new sources of platinum already surveyed and additional discoveries under way, a price on platinum of $25 an ounce is not an impossibility, but even at $40 an ounce, a 200 per cent tax on gold would greatly encourage the substitution of the latter by platinum.

Regulation of this description would at once stop hoarding by informed people, since the incentive to hoard — hope of capital gains — would be removed by increasing and then stabilizing commodity prices.

In case of inadequate production for currency alone, recourse might be had to Government operation of otherwise unworkable mines, using convict labor, but once the value of gold is brought under control the requisitions for currency would tend to shrink and the need for such a step would hardly arise.

With commodity prices reasonably stable, the expansion of productive capacity tends of itself to stay within sound requirements of new industry, normal growth and replacement of decay. With economic forces arraigned against wild expansion, stability for general business is attained and presents the picture of a pyramid on its base, instead of either delicately balanced on its apex in boom times, or flat on its side in a slump.

Steady Pay

By Henry J. Tynan

A manufacturer's argument for insured jobs

Right through the hard times, most of us who have not given up to despair have been watching the horizons — economic and political — for the emergence of a new formula that should make any repetition of these tragic years improbable.

And yet, out of it all, business and finance have finally produced only

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the weird dictum that nothing can be done about it. Our governmental authorities have made heroic efforts to help tide over the immediate emergency — without, however, initiating any constructive measures that might prevent a recurrence; while industrial and financial oracles, in interviews and editorials, have continued to allege that business cycles have behind them the force of natural law.

We are told that such cycles have always been, with booms and depressions alternating — and that they therefore always will be. And that we are not to become either excited or despairful. There will be casualties — many will go hungry — but these are merely the normal incidents of every recorded depression. Wait. Never fear. The bottommost point is always certain to be reached in due course, after which those who have survived will begin to work their way upward once more. And some day all will be well again — until the next cyclical period for idleness and suffering shall arrive.

A charming doctrine of periodic damnation — for all but those most securely entrenched. A doctrine, incidentally, that is most solemnly affirmed by the well entrenched, who are among our leaders. We must credit them with good minds, good faith, good intent; and they base their belief upon the record of the past. But when God gave out His great gifts of hope and imagination He seems to have passed them by.

It would seem to be a fair prophecy that the same types of men who have solved our problems of the past will not fail us now — that they will find ways to abolish most of the suffering incident to depressions and to make depressions of disastrous proportions quite improbable. They are thinking and planning, hoping and praying and looking forward, firm in the belief that we have been created in full competence to overcome every last one of our social ills if and when we muster the will and the courage to get about it.

They feel that it is *not* necessary or normal that every so often men and women should be without work or wages — and wondering children hungry; that our civilization will never be anything to boast about while such a condition endures; and that something must and will be done about it.

It will require effort — and change. We can not strictly maintain the old order and at the same time establish a new and better order. The task — if we are to avoid upheavals such as have accompanied major changes in the past — is to plan so that the shuttle of our good purpose may lay its strong, new-made threads firmly within the splendid warp which we already possess as our foundation for a better social fabric.

There are employers and stockholders who would fight the change, as they would fight any plan that might conceivably affect their treasured prerogatives. They believe, rightly, that they are doing a service to workers by employing them — but fail to give due weight to the obvious fact that they could not operate at all without the great services which those workers render to them. And of course, as employment is in their view a one-sided favor, they can conceive of no rea-

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sonable ground for protest when work and wages are summarily cut off.

But the more just-minded and far-seeing realize that there are many elements of unfairness and unreason in the way that business and industry are perforce conducted today; and that something very genuine and substantial *must* soon be done both to prevent further reckless business excesses and to bring security to the worker. And that the welfare and security of the worker are essentially the welfare and security of society at large.

Splendid efforts have been made by a small number of employers to place their workers on a plane of greater security — efforts such as those of Procter & Gamble, Dennison, Eastman, General Electric, and others — and with growing success; while other meritorious programmes are under way in several trades, as among the clothing workers of Chicago, and among small groups of employers in restricted areas, as in Rochester. The trend of each of these fine efforts is in the right direction — and several of them have advanced a long way toward the steady pay ideal; but they have necessarily been of a limited type and in each instance apply to a very limited circle of employes. Nor are any of them calculated, as steady pay would be, fully to maintain purchasing power — which would tremendously lessen the severity and duration of such depressions as might occur.

Furthermore, the efforts referred to may hardly be regarded otherwise than as special instances, with programmes which it would be impossible under existing conditions to apply to any one unit in any industry in which hundreds and thousands of small and large concerns are using every last competitive device to come out on top. In the vast textile industry, as an instance, possibly not a single company is so placed that it could survive in competition if it attempted anything whatever in the way of employment guarantees.

Few who in recent years have had to fight merciless competition will deny that the ways of industry and business need drastic amendment. Business ethics are discoverable here and there — but only often enough to prove that they exist as something of a rarity. With many the law of the jungle prevails — or less law than that. Right and wrong have become rather irrelevant issues, and the only pertinent questions are: "Will it save us money?" "Will it make us a profit?" "Can we get away with it?" In short, any method goes that will bring in the dollars without bringing in the police. Decent competitors suffer, often are ruined. And of course employes suffer all around. For the primary way to put over these competitive adventures, or to fight them, is to cut off all the employes that it is possible to cut off, to load the work on those remaining and to cut wages.

As individuals we have freedom in our personal lives and conduct, yet know at all times that we may not run amuck without being brought summarily to task. Our freedom is freedom no less because it must have due regard for the safety of our fellows and the welfare of the community. But the business of profit-seeking has thus far refused to curb itself at all. It hurls itself into every opening

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where gains may be seized — without regard for the security of employes, the fate of others in related business, or the public welfare. In brief, it has failed utterly to learn civilization's greatest lesson, that of voluntary restraint; and needs badly to have that lesson impressed upon it. And until this is accomplished there must be small hope of sound and permanent stabilization, as "business" of the sort described is certain to dismount and wreck any and every balance wheel that we may set in motion.

What seems to be urgently required is a new and basic conception or formula; a formula which is essentially fair socially and relatively simple of execution — and from which will flow naturally most of the needed betterments in business and industrial conduct that may never be brought about by complex laws and regulations.

A careful consideration of steady pay and its many implications suggests that it may answer the specifications — that it may constitute in itself a formula which, put into general effect, would lead to just those far reaching results; and that, while it would need effective sponsorship and the support of other constructive measures, it would lay a sound basis for sane economic upbuilding. Moreover, it would call for no paid army of enforcing agents. Our millions of benefited workers would constitute that army.

But before considering the general and collateral effects of steady pay let us regard it in its more simple aspects. As a measure for general application it would seem to be a great innovation — but in fact it is novel only in that it proposes a wide extension of a method quite ancient. An early instance of it was on the old-time farm. The farmer had his two or three helpers who worked with him through the sowing and the harvest — and who lived on with him through the winter. There was little for them to do in winter — but what of that? They of course could not be turned away, for they were integral parts of the enterprise.

That is an old-time instance. But today, in certain kinds of endeavor, the steady pay conception has grown to be regarded as the only just basis of employment — and is in full force. Instances — teachers, policemen, firemen and the whole vast host of municipal, State, and Federal employes. The current depression has not affected their compensation. There has not been a minute when they were not on the payroll at full rates, with no lost time; and they have not had to face the possibility of losing their jobs. Result — they have had no cause to be gripped by the fear complex and have gone on buying as usual in accordance with their normal requirements. And had our whole working population been circumstanced in somewhat the same way it is reasonable to assume that the great depression would have been relatively unimportant in the United States.

To be sure, it may be said that all of these men and women who are receiving steady pay are employes of the community — and therefore entitled to better treatment than the men and women of industry and business. That is a more or less traditional way of accounting for or ex-

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cusing the disparity — a way that has been fostered by the classes which benefit — a way acquiesced in by politicians and legislators, because of the unity and actively exerted influence of those classes. Excepting only the teachers, such employes are drawn from the ranks of the politically inclined and so have been able to secure betterments for themselves by political methods.

But it would seem rather difficult to find logical reasons why the worker in industry or business should be denied the security that is granted as a matter of course to those in the public employ. In the last analysis the weaver or mechanic is working for the community in just as full measure as are these others — and in many instances working through longer and more strenuous hours.

Moreover, there would seem to be in these contrasting conditions a curious anomaly. Basically, the workers of business and industry are the taxpayers. Their labor, guided by management that is working beside them, produces the wealth and property from which taxes arise. So that the workers, as the basic source of taxes, are in full truth the employers of all of these others who are so freely accorded the advantages of steady pay. Yet they themselves have it not — and sometimes walk the streets with empty pockets while their employes — the policemen, officeholders and the rest — go serenely on in full security.

But steady pay also applies today to another class possibly far more numerous than are the employes of the community. These are the key workers in business and industry. Every considerable enterprise has them. They are integral parts of such enterprises — technical men, managers, superintendents, foremen, engineers, secretaries, chief clerks, etc. Could they be tallied up, their numbers would be very impressive indeed. Work or play, sick or well, boom times or otherwise, these men and women are on the payroll for full time; and, like steady pay workers in the public employ, their compensation is not greatly affected by depressions (excepting only when employing companies fail or liquidate, which circumstance would be provided for under a general and fully organized steady pay programme). In some instances the extraordinary depression of 1929–32 has necessitated reductions in the pay rates of these key people — but regularity of pay has continued. And, again as with steady pay workers in the public employ, their confidence and continued purchasing has helped to prevent this depression from being as disastrous as it might have been.

In a highly competitive manufacturing business with which the writer chances to be familiar, there are a number of such men. They have served the company for periods of from ten to forty years — in some instances through a number of severe depressions — and not one of them has ever lost one day's pay. That is merely one specific and authentic instance. The same rule applies to thousands of enterprises in every quarter of the land. A well managed business, employing any considerable number of workers, would hardly consider attempting to do without such a nucleus of dependable people — always at hand, al-

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ways ready, and always secure in steady pay. Those who pay it find their steady pay people their most reliable and devoted helpers — while those who receive it have a security and contentment never known to workers whose compensation is apt to be cut down or cut off as business activity recedes.

If this same steady pay were systematically and generally accorded to all faithful workers it would seem that our employment problem — and many of its accompanying economic troubles — would be far on the way toward elimination. There would still inevitably remain a small floating class, for no programme can ever make individuals over or prevent our always having with us many who have not as yet found their right places in the working world. Some — incompetent, inept, or unwilling — might never come within the benefits of the system. But the obvious attractions of steady pay jobs might work wonders in causing unsettled people to make better and more constant efforts. Also, there would have to be a reasonable period of trial or probation for each new employe — so that steadiness, good faith and ability for the job could be demonstrated before the employing company accepted the obligations entailed in registering the candidate as a steady pay worker.

But once so registered that employe would become, subject only to certain reasonable and mutually acceptable conditions, a steady earner of wages, good times or bad, and would carry this established status with him if and when he changed employers. Having a dependable income, he would be a constant and dependable purchaser of the products of industry; and, as the vast majority of all workers would soon be on the steady pay lists, a sustained buying power would be built up that would be very nearly depression-proof. Something close to ninety per cent of our manufactured products are consumed within our own borders; and the prime essential of any American economic plan is to enable our people to take that ninety per cent at all times — and not in boom times only. This end can be attained through maintaining continuity of worker buying power — and not in any other way.

Very possibly there would be need of wage adjustment in certain instances, especially where rates are now very high in recognition of the intermittent nature of the particular employment — but for the most part nothing of the sort need occur because of steady pay. It would therefore raise producing costs and prices, at least until there was complete adjustment to the new condition. It would thus cost the public money — which money the same public would quickly retrieve through payrolls to millions of employes who would for the first time have security and who would therefore spend without fear. Money would circulate faster and with greater regularity — and it is conceivable that the net cost might be nil. And, as interest at low rates on reserves for steady pay should more than provide for all administration expense, we could look forward to complete stabilization of employe income and buying power without any real eventual cost to the community.

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It may be argued that the reserves necessary for such a system would be so tremendous that their accumulation would be unthinkable. But this contention loses sight of the fact that there would seldom be much idle time to pay for. Employers would have a new and powerful incentive to prevent idleness, for there would be a big advantage in so doing. Payments by an employer would begin at a maximum and decrease on a prearranged schedule as his steady pay fund approached an agreed safety point. Such payments, moreover, would cease when the fund reached a certain maximum; and would not have to be resumed unless and until heavily drawn upon. So that the employer who was successful in keeping his people regularly employed would find a deserved profit or advantage in so doing. Strenuous efforts would be made to do away with seasonal unemployment instead of accepting it as inevitable. There would be combinations of complementary jobs and industries. Men who built automobiles in the busy season of that trade would construct electric refrigerators or other equipment when demand for motor cars slackened. Where no such combinations could be satisfactorily effected, ways would be found to prorate production over the twelve months instead of permitting it to be crowded into six or eight months. Factories would be renovated to keep people working. In short, a large part of the effort of management would be to maintain regularity of employment. Suitably powered trade associations would call a halt on production when accumulating stocks in any line threatened trouble. And above all, temporary idleness, when it did occur, would no longer mean a diminution of purchasing. With full security in unimpaired incomes, workers would spend confidently, stocks would be rapidly reduced in consequence of this buying, and it would quickly be found necessary to call all workers back to their places once more.

Our increased production costs might and probably would, at least temporarily, open the way to increased imports of manufactured goods from countries in which wages are low and working hours long — which would necessitate safeguards in the form of such customs tariffs as might be equitable and adequate offsets; and it is also conceivable that our exports of manufactured goods might be temporarily and adversely affected. But, if costly periodical depressions were virtually eliminated through steady pay and auxiliary measures, it is more than probable that our net producing costs over a term of years would be reduced rather than increased — and that no permanent lessening of our exports would occur.

But to proceed with other aspects of steady pay. Its first and greatest effect, as already noted, would lie in the security and confidence which it would give to all classes of our citizens — and especially to workers in industry and business. But an outcome that would perhaps be as important would be the consequent development in industry and business of that sense of social responsibility which they now, as a whole, so sadly lack.

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Let us consider, for instance, the matter of overproduction — which seems to be the forerunner of every collapse. It is becoming a fashion and a habit to blame this overproduction on invention and technical advances, in other words, upon "the machine age." Labor-saving machinery, it is held, accomplishes such wonders that markets are glutted with goods while men and women are needed in diminishing numbers and unemployment spreads.

But a careful check-up would reveal that such machinery, of itself, is not responsible — or at least not responsible either to the degree alleged or over any considerable period. It must be remembered that, while improved machines have made consumers' goods cheaper and better and in greater variety, two great offsets have been continuously developing to what would otherwise indeed have been a tremendous and disastrous labor surplus. One of these has been the vastly increasing desire of the average human being for the products which labor and machinery jointly put forth — and his much enlarged ability, because of higher earnings, to purchase them; while the second great offset is the constantly decreasing number of labor hours per person which are available. The shortening of the work day and the work week have irregularly but persistently followed machine development; and a question might well be raised as to whether the reduction of working hours would not of itself have offset rather closely the employment effects of new machine efficiency — if industry and business had not persistently and recurrently destroyed the balance by their ungoverned excesses. Shorter working hours would surely have gone at least a long way toward restoring an employment equilibrium. Seventy-five years ago the twelve-hour factory day and the seventy-two-hour factory week were the common rule — whereas we now have the forty-four-hour work week in some sections and trades, with the forty-hour work week quite obviously at hand.

The major cause of overproduction would seem to lie in the irresponsible profit mania referred to earlier as the chief bane in every line of effort. This results in the recurring overexpansion of facilities, in night and day operation without any basis of technical necessity, and in the glutting of markets. Even when this glutting has become wholly obvious, operators try, by cutting wages and otherwise reducing costs, to continue selling and making profits — thus aggravating the condition and incidentally causing larger losses to others who have goods on hand that were produced on a higher cost basis. Industries in which there has been no very important machinery improvement in years are among those which periodically suffer most keenly from overproduction — resulting solely from the irresponsible overexpansion and overoperation of facilities.

And in business that is not of the producing type very much the same condition exists. Too many people rush recklessly into any and every line which for the moment seems to be profitable — while units already operating double and triple their activities. The inevitable results are the vanishing of profits for all or nearly all, the failure of many

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enterprises, and the loss of thousands of jobs which credulous workers believed were permanent.

In all of which reckless and ill-guided proceedings steady pay would serve as a restraining influence of the first importance. To rush into an industry or business, or to double one's facilities or working forces in that industry or business, may be an alluring gamble when profits are current — and when it is only a question of whether the profits can be garnered before the line is overdone and collapse ensues. In such a venture one does not *now* have to think at all of what will be best in the long view for the industry or business — or for the community; and least of all need one consider what may become of unneeded employes when the new facilities become idle — or the business fails.

But with steady pay all ventures and expansions would call for greater forethought. Without considering at this time the powers and influence of the responsible trade associations which would be important factors in the steady pay programme, it will be seen readily that steady pay in itself would exercise a great restraining influence. The plunger or expansionist would have to face the solid and immovable fact that, in employing workers for his enterprise, he would be assuming something akin to a permanent responsibility from which escape would be at least very difficult — and evasion of which would disqualify him for any further career as an employer unless and until he fully discharged his liability to employes under the steady pay regulations. He would be required at the outset to make a very considerable deposit in a steady pay fund as a part of his capital investment; and would thereafter have to conform to the prescribed steady pay system so that his employes, if the enterprise turned out badly, would not be thrown out of employment without full protection. The prospect would give pause, would suggest and inspire reasonable conservatism — so that projects finally entered upon would be better conceived and quite usually warranted by the long term outlook.

There are few lines which do not suffer from an unreasoning influx of new contenders for profits. In some sections of business and industry this influx is practically continuous, the number of newcomers being largely responsible for an equally constant succession of business terminations through liquidation or failure; while in other lines the inrush of new contenders is sporadic, occurring at times when these lines are prosperous or seemingly so — and vastly emphasizing the desolation when the inevitable happens. Newcomers from employe ranks commonly believe that by "starting for themselves" they are finding an avenue of escape from job uncertainty and hard work — and just as commonly find that they have plunged into uncertainties and labors such as they have not before known. Many succeed — and would succeed in even larger measure under a steady pay system; but for the great majority the only gain is in experience. For of these newcomers many are deficient in knowledge or ability or capital. They are all too frequently driven to desperate measures in their efforts to pull through — usually scoring no enduring bene-

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fit to themselves, but bringing about the impoverishment and often the failure of others. The records of business mortality, with its tremendous and persistent economic losses, are such as to call into question the very sanity of our present methods of business procedure. In one rather easily entered business line the mortality amounts to thirty per cent yearly!

Under steady pay the greater responsibilities incurred would lessen the number of reckless plunges — but also the proposed system would work very strongly in another way toward the same end. The lot of the employe would be so much better and more secure that one of the chief incentives for economically uncalled for business ventures would be removed. The man holding a good job, with little chance of losing it and with steady pay assured, would hesitate much longer than he now does before risking his job, *and his savings and credit*, in any enterprise for which the need was not clearly defined and his own qualifications wholly beyond question.

So that, when the handicaps born of past expansive excesses had been overcome by shortened work time for the individual and by growing normal consumption, industry and business would assume new sanity and stability; and, with the likelihood of further overexpansion greatly lessened, there would come the development and perfecting of that wholesome and voluntary restraint that is the very essence of all that our economic situation requires.

(It has been possible in this article to present the idea of steady pay in only a few of its major aspects and applications; but it may be said that the funds accumulated for the powering of the programme — chiefly through regular deposit, on prescribed schedules, of certain small percentages of all payrolls — could be made to cover such desirable objectives as payments to be made upon honorable discharge, upon retirement and as old age pensions. The organization for the accumulation, care, and administration of the funds — both those pertaining to individual enterprises and those designed for more general application — could be established on a rather simple basis making full use of existing banking facilities.)

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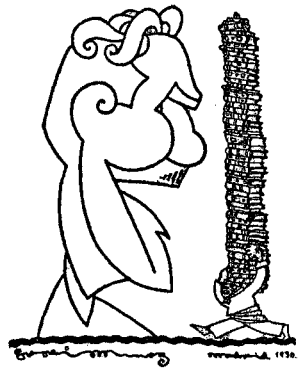
The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



And still they pour from the presses, these books designed to show us a way out of the depression; to prophesy the downfall of Capitalism or to assure us of its stability; to urge international coöperation and to insist that intense nationalism is the only salvation for the world; to lift the hair from our heads with frightful predictions, and to calm our spirits with the assurance that Science, or Mr. Hoover, or Baha, will soon have everything straightened out and the whole world happy and contented. One wonders if preceding depressions called forth so much writing, with the feeling that they almost certainly did, since there has never been any lack of people willing to suggest plans for the conduct of the world's affairs; one wonders, too, if any book written in a preceding depression had the slightest effect, or hastened the return of prosperity by so much as one quarter of an hour. This is rank pessimism and cynicism, to be sure, complete distrust in the "best minds" who are so willing to save us, so eager to supply us with economic security, and to set our feet firmly on smooth highways — with no corners.

It is, as a matter of fact, too rankly cynical, for books have changed the course of history more than once, and there is always a chance that they may do it again. More than one of the many volumes available is soundly constructive; more than one plan has been offered that, if put into effect, might go a good way toward helping man to the mastery of the new set of forces that have worked so much injury by being allowed to run loose in the world. Before we are through we may have a go at the wage-maintenance plan, which Henry Ford first popularized and which the economists do not seem to be able to let alone. This is natural, since it is obvious that we are not really suffering from overproduction at present, but from underconsumption, caused by a reduction of purchasing power. Keep wages high and hours short, say these prophets, and consumption will be maintained. All of which sounds perfectly logical, although it is not nearly that simple, and the Landscaper for one is suspicious of the scheme for no other reason than that it seems to call for a wholesale speeding up of life, for the increasing of people's wants by dishonest ad-

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vertising, and for the intensification of the industrial struggle to a point where real leisure or real tranquillity becomes virtually impossible, even for the people who want it. . . .

A Temperamental Suspicion

THE hostility that registers in this suspicious breast is the result of a temperamental dislike of the sort of civilization that has imposed itself on this country within the past twenty years, although there is another side to the question. We are much more comfortable in most ways than we were twenty years ago, that is, if the depression has left us enough to eat and somewhere to sleep, and whether or not the present civilization is really better or worse than the civilization of twenty years ago, nobody really knows. Our judgments in such matters are invariably made from shifting points of view, so that they are rarely worth anything.

A very optimistic volume upon the present times and the near future is *Thunder and Dawn: America's Appointment with Destiny* by Glenn Frank (Macmillan, $3.50). The further subtitle explains that this is a series of studies in the outlook for Western civilization, with especial attention to the United States. Mr. Frank refuses to be daunted by any of the problems that face the West today; he declares that all we need are a New Renaissance, a New Reformation, and a New Industrial Revolution and we shall be on our way. This seems a largish order to an amateur student of history. Indeed, the Landscaper is willing to go several steps farther and say that Mr. Frank appears as full of words as he is empty of thought; that he is like an orator so charmed with the sound of his own voice he can hear none of the questions that are hurled at him from all parts of the house. So long as he keeps talking there is no danger of an upset in the even flow of his periods, and Mr. Frank keeps talking. . . . Already Mr. Frank's contribution has won him a vote for President of the United States; an enthusiastic reader of his book suggested to a New York newspaper that he had proved his right to the post. This was an unfair suggestion. No man who can so neatly dispose of problems with phrases as Mr. Frank should be put to any further tests, and he does not seem to promise to give us the New Renaissance, New Reformation and New Industrial Revolution by his own unaided efforts. It is really extraordinary how this type of high-sounding writing affects people and immunizes them to facts. For those who wish to be made to feel better about the whole situation and are subject to hypnosis, Mr. Frank's book is heartily recommended, but be careful not to unscrew any of the phrases, or the whole thing will fall apart.

The Socialistic View

AS I SEE IT by Norman Thomas (Macmillan, $2) is a collection of miscellaneous pieces on current topics written by a distinguished and high-minded Socialist. Mr. Thomas runs over the various plans that have been offered to get us out of the ditch, he discusses the sad state of politics in New York, and writes thoughtfully of the practices of modern Christianity and Socialism. Mr. Thomas's Fabian ideas are well thought out and clearly expressed,

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although the Socialist movement seems to be curiously dead just now — at least, the Intellectuals who might at one time have been found supporting it have all turned straight-out Communists, and one hears that college students have gone completely Red at the same age when they formerly went Socialist. One does not have to agree with Mr. Thomas to read him with pleasure, however; he is a fine human being, which counts for a good deal more in the last analysis than his political principles. Stephen Leacock, who is head of the Department of Political Economy in McGill University, has written a thoughtful small book of primary interest to the English in *Back to Prosperity* (Macmillan, $1.25), in which he discusses the economic problems facing the British Empire and offers various remedies. *The Gold Standard and Its Future* by T. E. Gregory, professor of currency and banking in the University of London (Dutton, $1.50), is an admirable small book on a timely topic, with good chapters on the moves that are likely to be made in the international currency problem. England's present fight to hold down the pound, France's persistent campaign of propaganda against the dollar, and many other outstanding factors with strong influences upon the economic fate of the world, make Dr. Gregory's contribution of real importance. It is simply enough written for most readers.

The Glamorous Past

WHATEVER the future, we seem to have accumulated sufficient of a past to furnish our authors with an almost endless amount of material for interesting books, a number of which have made their appearance in recent weeks. One distinguished group deals with the Old South through the medium of three unusually fine biographies whose subjects are typical of the faults and virtues of the civilization in which they lived. These are *William Byrd of Westover* by Richard Croom Beatty (Houghton Mifflin, $2); *Lee of Virginia* by William G. Brooks (Bobbs-Merrill, $3); and *Edmund Ruffin, Southerner: A Study in Secession* by Avery Craven (Appleton, $3). William Byrd was the ancestor of Rear Admiral Richard Byrd and of Governor Harry Byrd of Virginia; the family has never been without its distinguished members since it was started on this side the water. Byrd was the typical Colonial gentleman of the Eighteenth Century. Half his life was spent abroad, where he collected the largest library owned in the American Colonies, and where he was a close friend of Wycherley. He was in many respects a true Cavalier of the period, and since Mr. Beatty has worked from first-hand documents, including some letters long suppressed, the portrait is authentic. There is an unusually fine introduction, in which Mr. Beatty contradicts many of the legends that have grown up about the early days of Virginia; his own account, if somewhat less romantic, has the value of accuracy.

See the Human Being

DR. BROOKS's life of Lee has one outstanding merit, that of humanizing its subject, which was no small task. The author is a Northerner, whose admiration for Lee is

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whole-hearted, but who preferred to approach him as a noble member of the human race rather than as a demi-god. Both as a portrait of Lee and as a study of the period, with especial emphasis upon the great military campaigns, Dr. Brooks's book deserves hearty commendation. Edmund Ruffin was a more typical Southerner than Lee, perhaps, although the Old South offered a very wide variety of types. But Ruffin was a hot-headed nationalist, a man who believed in the institution of slavery, and who knew the South had established a civilization that was worth saving at any cost. He was a religious skeptic, as were many of his fellows; probably this was a holdover from the Eighteenth Century influences, and more particularly from the close contact with the classics. At any rate, many *ante bellum* Southern planters were anything else but Fundamentalists, and loved nothing better than to bait the ministers who so often enjoyed their hospitality, a game that Ruffin often played. Ruffin fired the first gun at Fort Sumpter; he took his own life because of grief over Lee's surrender. This epitomizes a story of rare interest, which Mr. Craven has told with skill and grace, a story that encompasses the rise and fall of the Old South, and lights up a whole period in the history of this country. This is a book to be recommended for any one who wishes to understand the South of Ruffin's day, a South that has almost vanished, although traces of its ideology may still be found in most people born on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. These patterns persist with a curious stubbornness.

Books About the West

RECENT books about the Western half of the continent include *Trails Through the Golden West* by Robert Frothingham (McBride, $3.50), a handsome volume which tells of the wonders of the West, including some of the most recently discovered marvels, such as Carlsbad Cave, for example; *Fighting Men of the West* by Dale Coolidge (Dutton, $3.75), biographical sketches of noted figures; and *The Pony Express* by Arthur Chapman (Putnam, $3.50), a thrilling account of a typically American institution, which for all its short life, left its impress on the national character. Mr. Frothingham's book ought to increase the tourist trade, and will help to make the journey of any westward-faring motorist more profitable and more enjoyable. Dale Coolidge knows the West as few living men do, and his Fighting Men are well drawn. Mr. Chapman has done a fine job of research and writing in his book on the Pony Express, using the personal reminiscences of one of the riders, William Campbell, to help out. Aubrey's famous ride of eight hundred miles from Santa Fé to Independence, Missouri, made in five days, is a sample of the speed with which the Pony Express moved across the plains. Upson's ride receives the necessary attention, and the volume is, on the whole, quite likely to become the definitive story of the Express.

Fun in Washington

THE shower of books on Herbert Hoover seems to have let up momentarily, but one of the most

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entertaining of the lot is just now available. It is *White House Blues* by Felix Ray, with illustrations by Frueh (Vanguard, $1.50), a small volume in which Elmer Durkin, whom all readers of the *New Yorker* will recognize, holds forth on public men and questions. Felix Ray is the pen-name of Howard Brubaker, one of the few people who seem to have seized upon the limitless possibilities of the Washington scene for a little fun. Durkin's characterization of Hoover as "an uncertain party" may not be quite a fair sample of his humor, but it will serve. Eddie Cantor and David Freedman have collaborated on *Your Next President* (Long and Smith, $1), Mr. Cantor of course being the President. There are a few fairly funny wisecracks, but the general level of the book is low, and in these hard times, one dollar is about ninety cents too much for a volume of this kind.

Some recent books on various aspects of international problems that are worth looking into include *The Spirit of World Politics* by William Ernest Hocking (Macmillan, $5), a comprehensive and scholarly presentation of the present relations between so-called backward races and the great nations, with especial emphasis on the Near East; *American Foreign Policy in Mexican Relations* by James Morton Callahan (Macmillan, $4), a complete history of the subject, with much attention devoted to the personalities principally concerned; and a *History of Modern Europe* by Chester Penn Higby (Century, $3.50), a highly readable volume that should be of assistance in providing the intelligent reader with the necessary background for the comprehension of what goes on on the Continent. The author is professor of history in the University of Wisconsin. He writes well, with both authority and animation. A thorough-going debate on *Bolshevism, Fascism and Capitalism* is to be found in a book bearing this title, and published by Yale University Press at $2.50. It is a record of a debate held at last year's meeting of the Williamstown Institute of Politics, in which the principal participants were George S. Counts, representing Bolshevism; Luigi Villari, speaking for Fascism; and Malcolm Rorty for Capitalism. Newton D. Baker's speech on World Economic Planning is also included. This is good reading.

An American Wise Man

Among recent biographies, the Landscaper's easy favorite is Van Wyck Brooks's *The Life of Emerson* (Dutton, $3), which, if it is not a perfect biography — it is really meant as more of an interpretation than a formal life — is at least highly exciting reading. Mr. Brooks's method of having a man tell the story of his life in his own words is here used to perfection, and the beauty of Emerson's own style, formal or informal, adds to the charm of Mr. Brooks's own. The Landscaper picks up any book on Emerson with a distinct prejudice in its favor. Emerson once said as he caught sight of Carlyle's portrait on the walls of the Longfellow home: "That is my man"; the Landscaper repeats the sentence with a low bow toward Concord. Emerson was one of the few God-touched men America has produced, one of the few wise men,

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and if Mr. Brooks seems at times rhapsodical over his subject, he is as near to justification as the biographer of an American can hope to be. Ludwig Lewisohn writes interestingly of Emerson in his *Expression in America*, already referred to here and again recommended as one of the best of current books; it is his theory that sexual repression was responsible for the Emersonian personality and genius. If so, in Heaven's name, let us have more sexual repression. (We could probably do with a good deal on general grounds.) There is not space here for any detailed discussion of Mr. Brooks's book, so we shall have to let it go with a blanket recommendation; it is the culmination of a trilogy, which began with *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* and continued with *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*. One hears it argued that Mr. Brooks has labored a thesis in these three books and perhaps there is an element of justification in the accusation, but all three have the supreme merit of readability, and they all three stick in the mind as good and provocative writing and thinking.

Mrs. Atherton's Autobiography

OF ANOTHER sort entirely, but filled with interest for people who love gossip of celebrities and who care to follow the thoroughly exciting career of a distinguished American woman, is *Adventures of a Novelist*, an autobiography of Gertrude Atherton (Liveright, $4), a large, rich book full of the vivid personality of its author. Mrs. Atherton was a very young widow in San Francisco when her first novel scandalized the country; she has written some thirty-seven books in forty years, of which it has been said that hardly one has failed to arouse bitter controversies. It is needless to say that Mrs. Atherton has known every one of any importance during her literary career, and she has a good ear for anecdote. She can write in gall as well as ink, too, as witness this remark about an American woman in London who tried to imitate the rudeness of the English: "It takes a great lady to know how to be rude and not look like a housemaid in a temper." Mrs. Atherton's book will provide a good many evenings of pleasant reading.

Among other recent biographies are: *Monsieur Thiers and Nineteenth Century France* by John M. S. Allison (Appleton, $2), the only biography in English of a French statesman who lived through three revolutions and who symbolized the democratic movement of his lifetime; *Saints and Sinners* by Gamaliel Bradford (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50); *Hindenburg: Peace, War, Aftermath* by Gerhard Schultze-Pfaelzer (Putnam, $5), an authoritative study of the German leader; and *Heritage of Years* by Frances M. Walcott (Putnam, $3.50), the recollections of an octogenarian, whose years have been filled with interest, and who writes brightly and entertainingly of many people and many events. The Grants were Mrs. Walcott's friends, among others.

Saints and Sinners

GAMALIEL BRADFORD'S latest collection of psychographs, as skilfully drawn as ever, includes among the Saints, Francis of Assisi, Thomas à Kempis, and Fénelon; among the

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Sinners, Cesare Borgia, Casanova, Talleyrand, and Byron. *Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self* by Edward Gordon Craig (Dutton, $3.50) is Gordon Craig's answer to the publication of the Shaw-Terry correspondence, a nasty-tempered book by Ellen Terry's son that has its distinctly pathetic side. Actually the book is much more about Craig than it is about Ellen Terry. It shows him insanely jealous of Shaw, and is likely to prove more interesting to students of morbid psychology than to the average reader. Georgette LeBlanc's *Souvenirs: My Life With Maeterlinck* (Dutton, $4) is in some respects a shocking book. One odd reaction to its publication has been that all the women reviewers seem to find it very good indeed, and all the men reviewers are sickened by it; the Landscaper takes a safe middle ground, if there is any such thing. He found the book quite interesting as a revelation of Mme. LeBlanc's personality and also as a portrait of a man the world once thought of as a genius, and is now doubtful about. Having lived at this end of the tragedy — the Landscaper was fresh from the country when Maeterlinck made his famous appearance in New York with the young girl who succeeded Georgette LeBlanc in his affections — this reader felt an unusual interest in the book. Why has not some literary historian written the story of Maeterlinck's visit, one of the most amusing incidents of its kind that ever happened? Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr. was a cub reporter on the *Telegram* at the time, and was accorded the only interview with the great man — every one else had to pay to see him — and wrote one of the dullest accounts of the interview that ever appeared in a newspaper. This was some years before Mr. Vanderbilt became a novelist, of course. . . .

Outstanding New Novels

A BRIEF list of recent outstanding fiction would include, it appears to this observer, such novels as Louis Bromfield's *A Modern Hero* (Stokes, $2.50); Gilbert W. Gabriel's *I, James Lewis* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50); Julia Peterkin's *Bright Skin* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50); *The Goldfish Bowl* by Mary C. McCall, jr. (Little, Brown, $2); *The Running Footman, Or The Sentimental Servant* by John Owen (Macmillan, $2); *The Great Day* by Georgette Carneal (Liveright, $2.50); *Heat Lightning* by Helen Hull (Coward-McCann, $2.50); and *Lovers Must Learn* by Irving Fineman (Longmans, Green, $2.50). These are American or English in origin; foreign fiction provides such titles as *Soviet River* by Leonard Leonov (Lincoln Mac Veagh-The Dial Press, $2.50); and *People of the Plains* by Pál Szabò. This is a singularly varied menu. Mr. Gabriel's novel is a fictionalization of the story once told by Washington Irving under the title of *Astoria*. It is therefore wholly American, a gorgeously rich chapter in the early history of the country of which Mr. Gabriel has made the most. This is the sort of historical fiction one finds about once a decade; it is singularly free from the tricks of the school, honest and unmanipulated, and yet dramatic and consistently interesting. The style is excellent, and the characterization equally as good. Mr. Gabriel has written only

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one other novel, *Brownstone Front*, which was in itself an excellent piece of work. If he can hold the pace he has set for himself in *I, James Lewis* he will not find himself long out of a place among the best of our present-day novelists.

Mr. Bromfield's Latest

SPEAKING as one who has thought somewhat less of Mr. Bromfield's more recent books than of his earlier ones, the Landscaper is pleased to report that this unusual talent manifests itself at its best, or close to it, in *A Modern Hero*. The story in itself has substantiality, and it moves against a shifting social background which Mr. Bromfield handles very well indeed. A financial adventurer's career makes the tale, with his many amatory adventures to add zest, beginning with his affair with Mme. Azais, the trainer of leopards. There is the same sort of sarcastic implication in the title as in Mr. Bromfield's *A Good Woman*. This is a novel well worth going for; one can not honestly say that it marks an advance in Mr. Bromfield's skill, but it at least shows a return to something more important than his *Twenty-Four Hours*.

Julia Peterkin's third novel, commented upon in passing last month, is another story of the South Carolina plantation that has furnished the locale for all Mrs. Peterkin's fiction. Its central figures are Cricket, a mulatto, and Blue, a black boy, who adores his light-skinned cousin. It offers the same fine qualities that are to be found in *Black April* and *Scarlet Sister Mary*, qualities of observation and honest emotion, and while those who insist upon drawing rigid comparisons among an author's works, may think it a slightly less unimportant novel than the others, there will certainly be few to deny that it is a good piece of fiction, with more than one passage of pure beauty. Mrs. Peterkin's simple style, slightly awkward and crude at first, has taken on finish and ease. It remains simple and still deeply moving; students of American prose may well turn to the description of a fishing expedition in *Bright Skin* and mark it for use in future anthologies.

The Price of Fame

MISS MCCALL'S *The Goldfish Bowl* is the story of what happened to a young American naval officer who saved the crew of a sunken submarine and was rescued himself after every one supposed that he had given his life for his men. "Scotty," the hero, is another Lindbergh, caught in the toils of the vast publicity racket of this country, and with results that are at times amusing and at others depressing. If any one ever suspected that Fame was worth while, a careful reading of this volume will convince him that he is all wrong; Fame that begins on the first pages of American newspapers is a nuisance, or worse. Miss McCall has written a highly entertaining piece of fiction, with some serious implications for those who care. Georgette Carneal's *The Great Day* is another piece of pure Americana, a novel based upon the career of Mr. B——r Macf——n, that marvelous product of our civilization who furnishes the reading matter for the masses, and also looks after their souls and bodies, especially the latter. Miss Carneal's task is too large for her,

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and the book goes to pieces before it is over; there are other faults, too, but the savage bitterness of her attack on the tabloids and the trashy magazines makes the book worth reading. Not, to be sure, that it will cause any falling off in the circulation of this class of literature.

More Good Novels

HEAT LIGHTNING by Helen Hull is a long and solid novel of American family life, slow moving and carefully wrought, more substantial than brilliant. Irving Fineman's first novel since he won a large prize with *This Pure Young Man* is a well-written, thoughtful and readable book, based upon a love affair between two healthy young Americans. Don, the boy, meets Sally, the girl, in Paris, just as he is recovering from an affair with a more or less loose lady. Sally is virginal and determined to remain that way until after marriage. Against a background of Paris and other French cities, Mr. Fineman tells his pleasant story, which has a happy ending. This is a wholesome book on the subject of love, which in itself makes it somewhat remarkable, and while Mr. Fineman is inclined to overwrite at times, the quality of his mind is sound and good. John Owen's *The Running Footman* is a charming novel of another day, a *tour de force* that is almost perfectly carried out. It relates the adventures of a footman of around two hundred years ago who fell in love with a lady of high degree. The mood is sustained throughout, and those who have a palate for delicate flavors in fiction will find this book very much to their liking.

Leonov's *Soviet River*, which comes to us with a preface by Maxim Gorky in which we are assured that Leonov is in the great tradition of classical Russian literature, is a novel of present-day Russia, centring around one of the great industrial cities springing into being under the Five-Year Plan. Those who remember Leonov's *The Thief* know that he is a novelist of the first order, and he has done an excellent piece of work in the new book. Pál Szabò's *People of the Plains* is a novel by an authentic Hungarian peasant, who lives on one acre of land, which he works with the assistance of his wife and two children. It tells the story of Bertalan Barna, who goes off to fight on the Italian front very soon after the book opens, and who comes home from the War to discover a new world. The author, it is reported, found out about books while he was in the War, and deciding that he did not like what other people wrote about peasants, made up his mind to do the job right. His book has a direct simplicity and a reality that will make it interesting to many people. American literary circles have never entertained a genuine Hungarian peasant, either, so the author will find himself welcome if his book sells a sufficient number of copies to pay his fare to this country. The crops might spoil, but what of that?

And More Novels Still

OTHER recent fiction of interest includes: *Amber Satyr* by Roy Flannigan (Doubleday, Doran, $2), a moving story of a mulatto man desired by a poor-white woman; *Murder by Jury* by Ruth Burr Sanborn

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(Little, Brown, $2), a novel mystery story, in which a member of a murder jury is herself murdered; *If Love Comes* by Gladys Malvern (Kendall, $2.50), a romantic tale of Old California, with plenty of spice and color; and *The Red Room* by Geoffrey Dennis (Simon and Schuster, $2), a curious tale of an English village by the author of *Mary Lee* and other distinguished works of fiction and non-fiction, with a bitter, macabre streak of humor in it that will delight readers who have a taste for such things. Then there is a novelette by Lorna Rea, author of *Six Mrs. Greenes*, called *The Happy Prisoner* (Harper, $2), the story of a deaf girl who thinks the world much better than it is because she can not hear. She does hear after a while and has a battle making her adjustment to reality. A delicately done and engaging book.

Some Good Poetry

THREE unusually good volumes of poetry stand on the Landscaper's shelves, perhaps to be commented upon at greater length later. They are: *All My Youth* by Fredericka Blankner (Brentano, $2); *High Mowing* by Marion Canby (Houghton Mifflin, $2), and *Thurso's Landing* by Robinson Jeffers (Liveright, $2.50). The title poem in the Jeffers volume is a long narrative in blank verse, which again evidences the dark genius of Jeffers, a poet whose range is not wide, but a poet who has gazed into the abyss that surrounds the world, and discerned things in its blackness. . . .

There is one more book remaining, Walter B. Pitkin's *A Short Introduction to The History of Human Stupidity* (Simon and Schuster). This is a very large volume, upon which Professor Pitkin has evidently expended no small effort. The apparent design is to prove that the human race is stupid; that even its intelligent leaders act like imbeciles at times. Just why any one should go to all this trouble to prove a point so obvious is beyond the Landscaper's grasp. What now if the public fails to buy this imposing tome in quantities large enough to justify the work its author has done upon it? Shall we then have another chapter on the stupidity of the author of a book on stupidity?

All lovers of tennis and all readers who are interested in the history of popular sports will find engaging reading and rare information in *Tennis: Origins and Mysteries* by Malcolm D. Whitman (Derrydale Press, $10), a beautifully made volume, well-illustrated, which is the work of years of patient research. Mr. Whitman speaks as an authority on this sport, since he was once the American champion. There is an invaluable bibliography by Robert W. Henderson of the New York Public Library.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott Fisher

Expectation of news of the progress of archeologists in excavating the jungle-smothered Mayan cities of Yucatan and Guatemala is almost as stimulating these days as anticipation of the next instalment of the month's best-selling detective mystery — perhaps even a bit more so, for though we can be reasonably certain of some kind of an end for the story, there seems to be no finish to the extraordinary civilization which our archeologists are bringing to light in Mexico and Guatemala. Temples and pyramids of vast proportions and symmetry, carved figures and animals of mysterious symbolism, paintings, pottery, hieroglyphs, and jewels — bit by bit these fragments of this Mayan civilization are being pieced together to sketch in, if ever so roughly, the brilliant history of their times. And, as it is an incurable characteristic of Americans to be "on the spot" when and where things are happening, a great many of us here and there seem to be packing our bags and betaking ourselves to these particularly interesting places and finding out a few things about these mysterious Mayans for ourselves.

Travel Facilities in the Land of the Mayas

In the first place it is not such an outlandish place to reach as you might suppose. There are regular steamship sailings from New Orleans to Progresso, the port of call in Yucatan from which the ruined cities in the peninsula are best reached, every ten days, and from New York, via Havana, to Progresso every Wednesday and Saturday. And when you arrive there are hotels where you may be comfortable and reasonably cool. At the Gran Hotel in Merida, the largest in Yucatan, you will find a bath with every room, and a diplomatic cuisine which amiably includes European, American and Yucatan dishes. If you would stay immediately in Chichen-Itza, where the largest group of ruins have been uncovered, you will find a hotel called the New Mayan at your disposal. In planning an itinerary to Mexico, a pleasing variety in travel is offered by taking a sea voyage to Progresso, and then continuing on up through Mexico by rail or airplane, so that you may have opportunity to see the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, the Pyramid of Cuicuilco about twelve miles from Mexico City and thought to be our earliest example of American architecture, Cuernavaca and the Borda Gardens, and any number of fiestas before reluctantly shaking the gay Mexican dust from your feet and soberly entering the United States via the much-traveled bridge at Laredo.

Civilization and Cereals

But to return to the Mayas. It seems that their civilization was based (quite in the modern manner) on a cereal. When they discovered that Indian corn could be raised and cultivated — that they need depend no longer on the uncertain results of hunting and fishing which kept them forever chasing from one likely spot to another — they began to dig in, and the results of their industrious settling down are what we have been so diligently digging up in the past twenty years. Just as rice was the staple food of Asia and wheat of Europe, so Indian corn, which is believed to have come from an accidental cross between *teosinte* (a Mexican wild grass) and some other species of wild unidentified grass, became the staple food of the Americas, and still is for the Indians and some of the rest of us. Raising this new food meant that the people had to stay where their corn patches were in order to care for them, and thus began the idea of some fixed abode.

Benefits of a Mayan Depression

Without the slightest doubt, this must have caused one of our first depressions. A change in living conditions had to be

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brought about, and hunting was probably hit hard. Men had to think up new occupations with which to busy themselves while their crops were growing, they had to evolve new implements to work the soil and design places to bestow their accumulating food stores. New ideas had to be brought into play. Some one discovered that pottery could be made of clay; another genius sprang up with the idea of making thread from cotton and weaving came into vogue; the crops, dependent on weather conditions, demanded a special type of worker to appease and consult the gods that were believed to control the seasons; temples in which to house their gods were needed, and new ideas of architecture were formulated. Thus, from what must have appeared as a serious depression, developed and flowered a more productive and higher civilization than the Mayas had ever conceived.

Mayan Secrets

THE first great Mayan cities were in what is now the jungle of northern Guatemala. There were not just one or two of these Mayan strongholds, but literally hundreds of them, as may be seen from the ruined temples and pyramids scattered throughout this country. Their new interest in agriculture, in the cultivation of corn, stimulated their priests and medicine men to discover what they could about the measurements of time, and we find that they invented a calendar, and later used hieroglyphic symbols to convey their ideas. In fact the most recent dispatches received from Dr. Herman Walde-Waldegg of the Colombian National Library at Bogata, who has made an intensive study of the Mayan writings, inform us that he holds a sensational theory and partial proof "that may link the language of the ancient Mayan Indians of Central America with the tongues of Asia, and has not only succeeded in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the Mixtecs, cousins of the Mayans, but has obtained a measure of proof that they used actual syllables in their writing instead of pure picture writing as heretofore believed." This scholar also believes that the dragon of China and the feathered snake of the American tropics, Kukulcan, will be the key which opens the door of kinship.

But whether their writings are pictures or syllables, they serve to establish concise references to events of their times which are the first written accounts of events on the American continent. They built their palaces and temples with dignity, but not satisfied with mere grace of structure, decorated them with interesting sculptures, many of them painted in brilliant colors. They developed the arts of painting, wood-carving, weaving, jade-cutting, and most delicate of all, that curious art of feather decoration, so reminiscent of the Chinese.

The "New Empire in Yucatan"

ALL this unfoldment took place in the cities of Guatemala and is designated as belonging to the Old Empire. As these cities increased and their populations grew ever larger so that new mouths were continually needing to be fed, it became necessary to find new lands to cultivate, so in the Fifth or Sixth Century we find them pushing on into that new and as yet undeveloped land of Yucatan. This they called the New Empire, and it reached the highest pinnacle of civilization ever before known in this hemisphere somewhere between the Eleventh and Fourteenth Centuries. Chichen-Itza, its metropolis, became the glory of the Mayan Empire. Nothing ever made by man had flung itself with such magnificence against the tropic skies as the majestic Temple of the Warriors.

The Contentious Jungle

THE largest city of the New Empire, Chichen-Itza was selected as the most promising field for the exploration of this ancient American civilization, and the tedious process of excavating it from the too ardent embrace of the tropical jungle began in 1924. If you have ever hacked your way through even a few miles of this murky mass of vegetation with a machete and suffered all the unpleasantnesses that go with it from flies and fleas to thorns and ticks, not to mention more formidable, if less irritating obstacles, you will appreciate more fully the courageous spirit of the archeologists who have faced mound after mound of this jungle land and stuck to their knitting until some kind of plan has been brought out of tangled chaos.

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Chichen-Itza — the Glory of the Mayas

AN IDEAL way to gain your first impression of Chichen-Itza is from the air. Lindbergh did it that way, you will remember, and airplanes are sometimes available. This gives a better idea of the general layout of the buildings and plan of the locale than you can get in any other way, because while a number of the structures have been cleared and rebuilt, there are still acres of dense jungle separating many of the buildings.

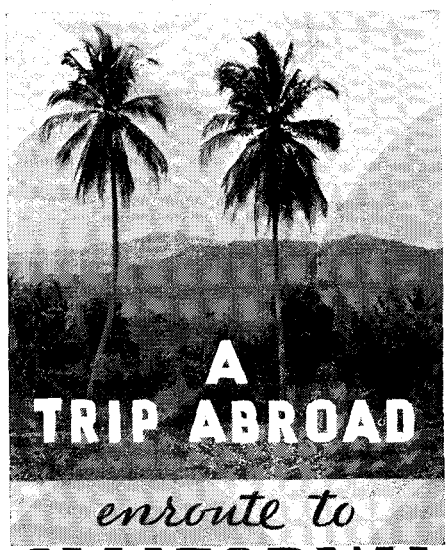
One of the interesting buildings at Chichen-Itza is the Astronomical Observatory — a circular building on a rectangular base — where Mayan mathematicians and astrologers probably put their heads together to calculate the dates most propitious for festivals and sacrifices. There is a palace, too — an enormous one — meet for the regal rulers of the Mayas, called the Monjas, and another more mysterious abode known as "The House of the Dark Writing." El Castillo, which perches eagle-like on the summit of a broad based pyramid, is not really a castle as was at first supposed, but a temple dedicated to the Mayan Zeus — the Feathered Serpent of Kukulcan — a mystic monster with the body, wings and feet of a bird, and the head of a serpent with the head of a human being in its open mouth — a city deity who was evidently prepared for any emergency.

Where Kukulcan, the Serpent Bird, Stands Guard

TEMPLE of the Warriors! — What a vivid picture this most regal monument of them all evokes. It stands at the northwest corner of the Group of the Thousand Columns, approximately seventy feet square and originally twenty-two feet high. Kukulcan, the serpent bird, guards its entrances. Chac Mool, a curiously carved human figure which holds a generous plate in which offerings were placed, was found in this temple, and since twelve others just like it have come to light. This Temple of the Warriors has a temple within a temple — a discovery which caused the archeologists no end of joy and misery — but both have been carefully preserved, and astonishingly restored.

Not only the ruins which have been

(*Continued on page IX*)



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BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By VIRGINIA BARNEY

ECONOMICS

Recovery: The Second Effort. By *Sir Arthur Salter.* New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

The former Director of the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations presents a lucid analysis of the post-War era and of the long-time causes of the present international economic situation, and recommends specific steps for America to take as a cure for the crisis.

Common Stocks and the Next Bull Market. By *George A. Cowee.* Boston: The Fort Hill Press.

A clear non-academic explanation of principles which should be known by investors, and advice as to what securities the author considers advantageous for investment at the present time.

FICTION

Three Loves. By *A. J. Cronin.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

A Scottish woman's three loves, her husband, her son and her God are the theme of this novel, which is a fine characterization of a life and those it affects, by the author of *Hatter's Castle.*

Two Living and One Dead. By *Sigurd Christiansen.* Translated from the Norwegian by *Edwin Bjorkman.* New York: Liveright.

Awarded first prize as the best Norwegian novel submitted for the Inter-Scandinavian Literary Contest of 1931, this is a keen analysis of a strange way that human nature sometimes has of assigning heroism — in this case, to one man killed and another wounded, and cowardliness to the most reasonable of the three who gives up the cash box rather than his life.

Shadow of a Cloud. By *Granville Toogood.* New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.50.

This story of a girl whose successful theatrical career does not compensate for the tragic events in her life is told with fine descriptive power and a skillfully effected climax.

STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
for APRIL 1st, 1932

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter Butler Mahony, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Managing Editor, William A. DeWitt, 9 East 37th St., New York City.

2. That the owners are: The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION,
By WALTER B. MAHONY,
Publisher and Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of March, 1932.

DOROTHY CROWNE,
Notary Public.

[SEAL] (My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

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(*Continued from page VII*)

brought to light, but the constant expectation of surprises in the way of hidden treasures give these Mayan cities rare fascination. It is as though they were practising on us that famous formula for writing a good story — "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait!" Little by little, however the suspense is lessening, and a few more years will see the story told — the Mayas and their cities will be charted. But now is the time to share the cream of Mayan romance, to peer into their hidden history through the green cloak of the jungle.

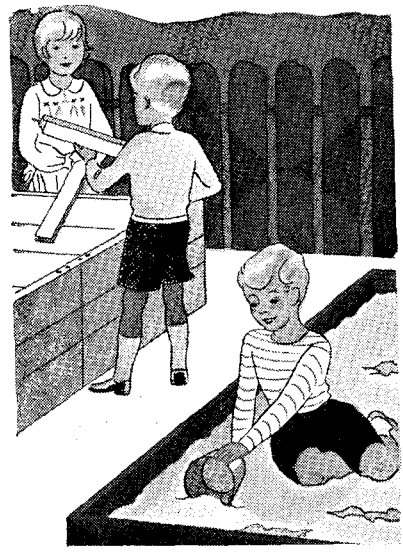
Budgeting at Monte Carlo

EUROPEAN price-cutting has finally invaded the glittering little principality of Monaco. It seems incredible that this "seat of the mighty" should have fallen on difficult times. "Systems" and their sponsors have come and gone, flinging themselves tirelessly and fruitlessly time and again against the wooden-faced croupiers who stared blandly at the chance-loving devotees across a level expanse of green baize — and no one ever broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Then along came "Ol' Man Depression." For the first time in its history the Casino at Monte Carlo has passed its dividend — a matter varying somewhere between one and two hundred per cent. Nothing daunted, however, the management has placed gambling slot machines in the spacious lobby, and you may try your luck for about the price of a stick of chewing gum. Even the entrance fees of the exclusive gambling rooms have been lowered. Gaming, shorn of its pride, is offered at bargain prices.

The Gambling Grimaldis

IT WAS back in 1867, when we were struggling out of the chaos of Civil War, that fame began to creep along the rose-lined roads of the Riviera to the enchanting if petite principality that belonged to the Grimaldis. It was coaxed, in reality, not by some soft-voiced Siren, but by the genius of a very far-seeing restaurateur, one François Blanc, who bought the gambling concession from the Princes of Monaco and built the Casino which has doubtless been frequented

(*Continued on page XI*)



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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Defense of Walden

By R. W. Nygren

It is because Mr. Henry Morton Robinson's article, *Walden in the Red* (March), bears precisely that title and has reference to Thoreau in connection with the writer's experiences that I find his article so extremely ludicrous, or is this the reason why it was published?

The writer says that his decision to try country life was the result of "a bucolic impulse (superinduced by a too literal reading of *Walden*)." I am ready to believe him. If Mr. Robinson had read *Walden* in a spiritual rather than a merely literal fashion he would probably never have had to write his article. His love of modern conveniences shows all too plainly that Walden is not the place for him.

Imagine Thoreau locating where there was no natural water supply easily accessible, and even more ridiculously, wanting to lay pipe lines into his abode! It seems to me that this was exactly what Thoreau wanted to avoid. Imagine Thoreau buying a car to avoid walking three glorious miles separating him from the few necessities he had to purchase! Imagine Thoreau worrying about furnaces, furniture and chipped crockery! Imagine Thoreau ever giving a thought to gas, electricity or telephones! Indeed, I feel inclined to ask Mr. Robinson if he is accustomed to live in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Mr. Robinson's article may prove his point, that is, that urban life for a person with urban tastes is cheaper than country life. But to bring in a reference to Thoreau and his Walden in the present thesis is not only wholly incongruous, but, moreover, ludicrously so.

(*Note:* What *is* the reason Mr. Nygren asks about why the article was published?)

Appreciation

By J. W.

I should like to take this opportunity of saying how much I enjoy, and have enjoyed for some time, The North American Review. With Mr. H. M. Foster, whose "testimonial" was printed in the April *Reader's Turn*, I consider yours one of America's genuine quality magazines.

In general it is your broad editorial policy which pleases me most — a policy, to be specific, which allows you to give space to such unabashed romanticism as Mr. Algernon Blackwood's *Fire Body* as well as to such down-to-earth naturalism as Mrs. Sara Haardt Menken's *The Manor*, both splendid stories in their several ways; a policy which permits of the views of both Dr. Frank Gaebelein and Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes.

In particular, I find myself in hearty agreement with Mr. Foster in his estimation of the monthly departments. *Apéritif* is ever amusing in the best sense of that often badly abused word; Mr. Brickell's literary judgments are always sound and interestingly presented; and the other departments, as Mr. Foster said, have a flavor of their own.

Some recent articles which particularly appealed to me, in which I found both pleasure and mental profit, are: Mr. William A. DeWitt's amusingly written and excellently documented *Sodom And Tomorrow;* Mr. Gerald W. Johnson's provocative *Note On Race Prejudice;* Mr. Claudius Murchison's *The Hope For Liberalism*, which seems to come at the right time; and Mr. William Troy's *The New Intellectual*, which threw out hints for many another article.

The North American Review holds a secure place of its own in the crowded field of American periodicals. I sincerely hope, as do many of your readers, I'm sure, that it will continue to hold it.

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(*Continued from page IX*)

by more people from all parts of the world than any other. It grew in popularity, its fame flew to the ends of the earth, until the end of the Great War when its wealthy patronage fell into the doldrums. But the Rothschilds of Paris came to its relief, as did a certain fabulously rich Greek munitions manufacturer, Zaharoff — and before very long the soft-singing roulette wheels were spinning as smoothly as ever, intent faces, motionless, and hands of all sorts of people spurred by the reminder of "*Mesdames, Messieurs faites vos jeux!*" placed coins on doubtful numbers. This time it was the prosperity and numbers of American tourists who set Monte Carlo on its feet and raised the annual revenue to some seven million dollars.

But whether prices are up or down, there is witchery in every garden path, in the half-hidden cream and pink villas that perch so alluringly on the rocks above the Mediterranean, in the poignant fragrance distilled from the flowers, the sunshine and the sea, and in the haunting memories of the many millions who have had their fling and tried their luck at Monte Carlo.

Calendar of Events Abroad

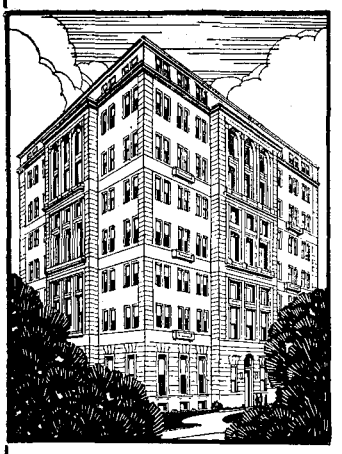
JUNE

Austria — Festival Weeks in Vienna, June 5 to 19th
France — Festival of St. Ambel at Riom, June 11th
Czechoslovakia — Opening of Sokol Exhibition at Prague, June 18th
England — Aldershot Tattoo, June 11th, 14th and 18th
Royal Ascot Races, June 14 to 17th
Germany — Holiday Courses for Foreigners at University of Heidelberg, open June 27th
Ireland — 31st International Eucharistic Congress at Dublin, June 22 to 26th
Switzerland — Night Fête on Lake Zurich, June 25th

JULY

Denmark — Danish-American Festival at Aalborg, Jutland, July 4th
France — Bastille Day Celebration — Paris, July 14th
England — Royal Regatta, Cowes, July 30
Germany — Goethe Festival Performances Weimar — July 2nd to 9th
Wagner Festival at Munich, July 18th to August 21st
Mozart Festival, Munich, July 21st to Aug. 19th
Italy — Palio Races, Sienna, July 2nd
Austria — Salzburg Festival Plays, June 30 to Aug. 31
Switzerland — International Ski Races at Jungfraujoch, July 9th

HAY-ADAMS house



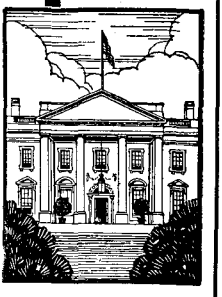
One of the Nation's finer hotels; distinguished for its class of clientele and place in the social and official life of Washington. The Hay-Adams House combines present day metropolitan facilities with the charm and hospitality of the mansions of former days. Easily accessible to the business and financial sections and within a few minutes walk of most of the Government Departments. Excellent dining service at reasonable prices.

For reservations write

Nathan Sinrod
Manager

Washington, D. C.

Overlooking the White House



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(*Continued from page III*)

for part of her indebtedness. American tourists wishing to travel in France would buy such notes from Government agents, instead of the usual traveler's checks, and would exchange them for francs at French banks, at the current rate of exchange.

With this plan there would be no international exchange of gold. From the French or Italian point of view, visiting tourists would be traveling on the Government. For this reason the plan would be extremely objectionable to them. They would be deprived of the benefits of the American tourist trade. But at least it might give us a bargaining point.

Politics

From now until the presidential election is over, politics will be on the front page. Recently the Smith-Roosevelt row has occupied the centre of the stage. Although the Democratic ranks look disjointed, to say the least, it is perhaps fortunate for them that their troubles are coming early. By eliminating both Smith and Roosevelt they may hit upon a candidate who stands a chance of being elected.

Bullish

Perhaps the strongest bull argument at the present time is the obvious fact that Mr. Hoover can not be reëlected unless there is some improvement in business sentiment between now and November. Certainly efforts to revive business are not lacking on the part of the Administration. The recently adopted policy of the Federal Reserve Board to cheapen money and loosen up credit by buying Government bonds in large quantities really should, in the long run, produce the desired effect. The plan certainly applies the pulmotor to the right place, for the banks are by far and away the weak link in the economic chain today. The Reserve Board, you might say, is lifting their tails, which have long been between their legs, in the hope that they will be able to keep them there.

Construction

Construction contracts, which I regard as the soundest barometer of fundamental business conditions, remain discouraging. Although the prices of steel, cement, etc., have been relatively stable, for some time now, the price structure may weaken. Even lower commodity prices, all along the line, are still a possibility. It is true, as has often been stated, that a commodity will never continue for a very long time to sell below the cost of production. But either of two things may happen: the price may rise, or the cost of production be reduced.

Wheat

Recent strength in wheat futures, based on unfavorable weather reports in the Southwest, has given a glimmer of hope. So far, however, the strength has not been enough to do more than offset the loss of purchasing power on the part of the Southwestern farmers.

Somehow I do not believe that recovery will begin on the farms. It has often struck me as paradoxical that there could be so much suffering in a land of almost too much plenty.

Buy Securities

I believe that a policy of buying securities, little by little — over a period of months will prove profitable. Some stocks are never cheap, but a great many are today. Many bonds are selling at receivership prices. Even if some of the major railroads, for example, do go through receivership, their bonds will be worth more than their current prices.

I believe that there is an excellent chance of an important revival of business this fall. Securities should begin to anticipate some sort of good news this summer.

If there is not a pick-up in business, the dollar will probably have to be cheapened by some sort of deliberate inflation. In that event, equities would rise, at the expense of fixed interest obligations and credit balances.

It almost seems, therefore, that no matter what happens, stocks will soon begin to go up. Under the circumstances it is logical to have part of one's funds invested in them.

In selecting securities avoid holding companies and companies encumbered with heavy debts, particularly those with bond issues maturing within the next few years. Remember that the main function of investments is to produce income. There are good securities selling on a ten per cent yield basis.

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